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THE CAMEO POETS

INFERNO

DANTE



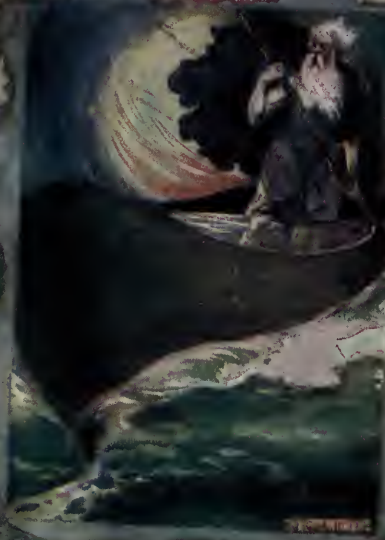
He fears the tyrannous gust those evil souls
On this side and on that, above, above,
Inferno, Canto V.

The Vision of Dante Alighieri

AS TRANSLATED BY MR.
REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARYMA.

Inferno

Part I.



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THE VISION OF DANTE

Inferno

CANTO I

Argument.

The writer, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterwards of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

IN the midway ¹ of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray
Gone from the path direct; and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.

¹ *In the midway.*] That the era of the Poem is intended by these words to be fixed to the thirty-fifth year of the poet's age, A.D. 1300, will appear more plainly in Canto xxi., where that date is explicitly marked. In his *Convito*, human life is compared to an arch or bow, the highest point of which is, in those well framed by nature, at their thirty-fifth year. Opere di Dante, ediz. Ven. 8vo, 1793, t. i. p. 195.

Yet, to discourse of what there good befel,
All else will I relate discover'd there.

How first I enter'd it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weigh'd
My senses down, when the true path I left ;
But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where
 closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with
 dread,
I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,¹
Who leads all wanderers safe through every
 way.

Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night, so pitifully past :
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to
 shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze ; e'en so my spirit, that yet fail'd,
Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the
 straits
That none hath past and lived. My weary
 frame
After short pause recomforted, again

¹ *That planet's beam.*] The sun.

I journey'd on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer.¹ Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo ! a panther,² nimble, light,
And cover'd with a speckled skin, appear'd ;
Nor, when it saw me, vanish'd ; rather strove
To check my onward going ; that oft-times,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turn'd.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his
way

Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,³
That with him rose when Love divine first
moved

Those its fair works : so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was
chased,

And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion ⁴ came, 'gainst me as it appear'd,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear struck. A she-
wolf ⁵

¹ *The hinder foot.*] It is to be remembered, that in ascending a hill the weight of the body rests on the hinder foot.

² *A panther.*] Pleasure or luxury.

³ *With those stars.*] The sun was in Aries, in which sign he supposes it to have begun its course at the creation.

⁴ *A lion.*] Pride or ambition. ⁵ *A she-wolf.*] Avarice.

Was at his heels, who in her leanness seem'd
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelm'd me, at the sight of her appall'd,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart griping anguish; such
was I,

Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impell'd me where the sun in silence rests.

While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one
Whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse
of speech.

When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."

He answer'd: "Now not man, man once I
was,

And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius ¹ yet

¹ *When the power of Julius.]*

Nacqui sub Julio, anchorchè fosse tardi.

This is explained by the commentators: "Although it were rather late with respect to my birth, before Julius Caesar assumed the supreme authority, and made himself

Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past,
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy
When the flames prey'd on Ilium's haughty
towers.

But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant
'mount

Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"

"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-
spring,

From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abash'd replied.

"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!

May it avail me that I long with zeal

Have sought thy volume, and with love
immense

Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou, and
guide!

Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame

Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!

For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answer'd, "Thou must
needs

Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than
death :

So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound ¹ come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue ; and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro.² In his might

¹ *That greyhound.*] This passage has been commonly understood as an eulogium on the liberal spirit of his Veronese patron, Can Grande della Scala.

² *'Twixt either Feltro.*] Verona, the country of Can della Scala, is situated between Feltro, a city in the Marca Trivigiana, and Monte Feltro, a city in the territory of Urbino. But Dante perhaps does not merely point out the place of Can Grande's nativity, for he may allude further to a prophecy, ascribed to Michael Scot, which imported that the "Dog of Verona would be lord of Padua and of all the Marca Trivigiana." It was fulfilled in the year 1329, a little before Can Grande's death. See G.

Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
 For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
 Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
 He, with incessant chase, through every town
 Shall worry, until he to hell at length
 Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
 I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
That thou mayst follow me ; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and
 see

Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
 A second death ; and those next view, who
 dwell

Content in fire,¹ for that they hope to come,
 Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
 Into whose regions if thou then desire
 To ascend, a spirit worthier ² than I
 Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
 Thou shalt be left : for that Almighty King,

Villani, Hist. lib. 10. cap. cv. and cxli. and some lively criticism by Gasparo Gozzi, entitled *Giudizio degli Antichi Poeti*, etc., printed at the end of the Zatta edition of Dante, t. 4. part ii. p. 15. The prophecy, it is likely, was a forgery ; for Michael died before 1300, when Can Grande was only nine years old. See *Inferno*, xx. 115, and *Par.* xvii. 75.

¹ *Content in fire.*] The spirits in Purgatory.

² *A spirit worthier.*] Beatrice, who conducts the Poet through Paradise.

Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
 Adjudgets me ; and therefore hath decreed
 That, to his city, none through me should
 come.

He in all parts hath sway ; there rules, there
 holds

His citadel and throne. O happy those,
 Whom there he chooses ! ” I to him in few :
 “ Bard ! by that God, whom thou didst not
 adore,

I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
 I may escape) to lead me where thou said’st,
 That I Saint Peter’s gate ¹ may view, and those
 Who, as thou tell’st, are in such dismal
 plight.”

Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

CANTO II

Argument.

After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows, that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage, and followed him as his guide and master.

Now was the day departing, and the air,

¹ *Saint Peter’s gate.*] The gate of Purgatory, which the Poet feigns to be guarded by an angel placed on that station by St. Peter.

Imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils
released

All animals on earth ; and I alone
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.

O Muses ! O high genius ! now vouchsafe
Your aid. O mind ! that all I saw hast kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof.

I thus began : " Bard ! thou who art my
guide,
Consider well, if virtue be in me
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius'
sire,¹

Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among
Th' immortal tribes had entrance, and was
there

Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favour show'd
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issue
forth,

It seems in reason's judgment well deserved ;
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,

¹ *Silvius' sire.*] Æneas.

In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire ;
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordain'd
And stablish'd for the holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.
He from this journey, in thy song renown'd,
Learn'd things, that to his victory gave rise
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel ¹ also travel'd there,
To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I, why should I there presume ? or who
Permits it ? not Æneas I, nor Paul.
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning
 know'st,
Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves
What he hath late resolved, and with new
 thoughts
Changes his purpose, from his first intent
Removed ; e'en such was I on that dun coast,
Waiting in thought my enterprise, at first
So eagerly embraced. " If right thy words
I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,

¹ *The chosen vessel.*] St. Paul. Acts ix. 15. " But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way ; for he is a chosen

“Thy soul is by vile fear assail’d, which oft
So overcasts a man, that he recoils
From noblest resolution, like a beast
At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.
That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,
I will instruct thee why I came, and what
I heard in that same instant, when for thee
Grief touch’d me first. I was among the tribe,
Who rest suspended, when a dame, so blest
And lovely I besought her to command,
Call’d me ; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day ; and she, with gentle voice and soft,
Angelically tuned, her speech address’d :
‘ O courteous shade of Mantua ! thou whose
fame
‘ Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts !
‘ A friend, not of my fortune but myself,
‘ On the wide desert in his road has met
‘ Hindrance so great, that he through fear has
turn’d.
‘ Now much I dread lest he past help have
stray’d,
‘ And I be risen too late for his relief,
‘ From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed
now,

¹ *Who rest suspended.*] The spirits in Limbo, neither admitted to a state of glory nor doomed to punishment.

' And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
' And by all means for his deliverance meet,
' Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.
' I, who now bid thee on this errand forth,
' Am Beatrice ; ¹ from a place I come
' Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,
' Who prompts my speech. When in my
Master's sight

' I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.'

" She then was silent, and I thus began :

' O Lady ! by whose influence alone
' Mankind excels whatever is contain'd ²
' Within that heaven which hath the smallest
orb,

' So thy command delights me, that to obey,
' If it were done already, would seem late.
' No need hast thou farther to speak thy will :
' Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth
' To leave that ample space, where to return
' Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'

" She then : ' Since thou so deeply wouldst
inquire,

' I will instruct thee briefly why no dread

¹ *Beatrice.*] The daughter of Folco Portinari, who is here invested with the character of celestial wisdom or theology.

² *Whatever is contain'd.*] Every other thing comprised within the lunar heaven, which, being the lowest of all,

‘ Hinders my entrance here. Those things
 alone
‘ Are to be fear’d whence evil may proceed ;
‘ None else, for none are terrible beside.
‘ I am so framed by God, thanks to his grace !
‘ That any sufferance of your misery
‘ Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire
‘ Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame ¹
‘ Besides, who mourns with such effectual grief
‘ That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,
‘ That God’s stern judgment to her will inclines.
‘ To Lucia ² calling, her she thus bespake :
“ Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
“ And I commend him to thee.” At her word
‘ Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
‘ And coming to the place, where I abode
‘ Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
‘ She thus address’d me : “ Thou true praise
 of God !
“ Beatrice ! why is not thy succour lent
“ To him, who so much loved thee, as to leave
“ For thy sake all the multitude admires ?

¹ *A blessed dame.*] The Divine Mercy.

² *Lucia.*] The enlightening Grace of Heaven ; as it is commonly explained. But Lombardi has well observed, that as our Poet places her in the *Paradiso*, c. xxxii., amongst the souls of the blessed, so it is probable that she, like Beatrice, had a real existence ; and he accordingly supposes her to have been Saint Lucia the martyr, although she is here representative of an abstract idea.

“ Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
“ Nor mark the death, which in the torrent
flood,
“ Swoln mightier than a sea, him struggling
holds ? ”

‘ Ne’er among men did any with such speed
‘ Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
‘ As, when these words were spoken, I came
here,
‘ Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force
‘ Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all
‘ Who well have mark’d it, into honour brings.’
“ When she had ended, her bright beaming
eyes

Tearful she turned aside ; whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she will’d,
Thus am I come : I saved thee from the beast,
Who thy near way across the goodly mount
Prevented. What is this comes o’er thee then ?
Why, why dost thou hang back ? why in thy
breast

Harbour vile fear ? why hast not courage there,
And noble daring ; since three maids,¹ so blest,
Thy safety plan, e’en in the court of heaven ;
And so much certain good my words forebode ? ”

As florets, by the frosty air of night

¹ *Three maids* 1. The Divine Mercy, Lucia, and Beatrice

Bent down and closed, when day has blanch'd
their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems ;
So was my fainting vigour new restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,
That I as one undaunted soon replied :
“ O full of pity she, who undertook
My succour ! and thou kind, who didst perform
So soon her true behest ! With such desire
Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage,
That my first purpose fully is resumed.
Lead on : one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord.”
So spake I ; and when he had onward moved,
I enter'd on the deep and woody way.

CANTO III

Argument.

Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell ; where, after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon, they both enter. Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were punished who had past their time (for living it could not be called) in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. Then pursuing their way, they arrive at the river Acheron ; and there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore ; which as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with terror, and falls into a trance.

“ THROUGH me you pass into the city of woe :
Through me you pass into eternal pain :

Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved :
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.¹
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Such characters, in colour dim, I mark'd
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed.
Whereat I thus : " Master, these words import
Hard meaning." He as one prepared replied :
' Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;
Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
To misery doom'd, who intellectual good
Have lost." And when his hand he had
 stretched forth
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was
 cheer'd,
Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud
 moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,

¹ ————*Power divine,*

Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.]

The three Persons of the Blessed Trinity.

Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the
sounds,

Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness
stain'd

Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with error yet encompast, cried :
“ O master ! what is this I hear ? what race
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe ? ”

He thus to me : “ This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious proved,
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove
them forth,

Not to impair his lustre ; nor the depth
Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe ¹
Should glory thence with exultation vain.”

I then : “ Master ! what doth aggrrieve them
thus,
That they lament so loud ? ” He straight re-
plied :

“ That will I tell thee briefly. These of death

¹ *Lest the accursed tribe.*] Lest the rebellious angels should exult at seeing those who were neutral, and therefore less guilty, condemned to the same punishment with themselves.

No hope may entertain : and their blind life
 So meanly passes, that all other lots
 They envy. Fame of them the world hath
 none,
 Nor suffers ; mercy and justice scorn them
 both.

Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,
 Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
 That it no pause obtain'd : and following came
 Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er
 Have thought that death so many had de-
 spoil'd.

When some of these I recognized, I saw
 And knew the shade of him, who to base fear ¹
 Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith,
 I understood, for certain, this the tribe

¹ ——— *Who to base fear*

Yielding, abjured his high estate.—]

This is commonly understood of Celestine the Fifth, who abdicated the papal power in 1294. Venturi mentions a work written by Innocenzio Barcellini, of the Celestine order, and printed at Milan in 1701, in which an attempt is made to put a different interpretation on this passage. Lombardi would apply it to some one of Dante's fellow-citizens, who, refusing, through avarice or want of spirit to support the party of the Bianchi at Florence, had been the main occasion of the miseries that befel them. But the testimony of Fazio degli Uberti, who lived so near the time of our author, seems almost decisive on this point. He expressly speaks of the Pope Celestine as being in hell.

Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to his foes. These wretches, who ne'er
lived,

Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
By wasps and hornets, which bedew'd their
cheeks

With blood, that, mix'd with tears, dropp'd
to their feet,

And by disgustful worms was gathered there.

Then looking farther onwards, I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream :
Whereat I thus : " Sir ! grant me now to know
Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they
seem

So eager to pass o'er, as I discern
Through the blear light ? " He thus to me in
few :

" This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive
Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."

Then with eyes downward cast, and filled
with shame,

Fearing my words offensive to his ear, '
Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech
Abstain'd. And lo ! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
Crying, " Woe to you, wicked spirits ! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,

Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there
Standest, live spirit ! get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld
I left them not, " By other way," said he,
" By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
Not by this passage ; thee a nimbler boat ¹
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my
guide

" Charon ! thyself torment not : so 'tis will'd,
Where will and power are one : ask thou no
more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks
Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames.
Meanwhile

Those spirits, faint and naked, colour changed,
And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words
They heard. God and their parents they
blasphemed,

The human kind, the place, the time, and seed,
That did engender them and give them birth.

Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the curst strand, that every man must pass
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,

¹ *A nimbler boat.*] He perhaps alludes to the bark
" swift and light," in which the angel conducts the spirits
to Dante's ferry. See Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beckoning, and each that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following till the bough
Strews all its honours on the earth beneath ;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves, one by one, down from the
shore,

Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.¹

Thus go they over through the umber'd
wave ;

And ever they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng
Still gathers. " Son," thus spake the courteous
guide

" Those who die subject to the wrath of God
All here together come from every clime,
And to o'erpass the river are not loth :
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that
fear

Is turn'd into desire. Hence ne'er hath past
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now mayst thou know the import of his words,"

This said, the gloomy region trembling shook
So terribly, that yet with clammy dew

¹ *As falcon at his call.*] This is Vellutello's explanation, and seems preferable to that commonly given : " as a bird that is enticed to the cage by the call of another."

Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a
blast,
That, lightening, shot forth a vermillion flame
Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I
Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber
seized.

CANTO IV

Argument.

The Poet, being roused by a clap of thunder, and following his guide onwards, descends into Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of those, who, although they have lived virtuously and have not to suffer for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of Paradise. Hence he is led on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.

BROKE the deep slumber in my brain a crash
Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,
As one by main force roused. Risen upright,
My rested eyes I moved around, and search'd
With fixed ken, to know what place it was
Wherein I stood. For certain, on the brink
I found me of the lamentable vale,
The dread abyss, that joins a thundrous sound
Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,
And thick with cloud o'erspread, mine eye in
vain
Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern.

“ Now let us to the blind world there beneath
Descend ; ” the bard began, all pale of look :

“ I go the first, and thou shalt follow next,”

Then I, his alter'd hue perceiving, thus :
“ How may I speed, if thou yieldest to dread,
Who still art wont to comfort me in doubt ? ”

He then : “ The anguish of that race below
With pity stains my cheek, which thou for fear
Mistakest. Let us on. Our length of way
Urges to haste.” Onward, this said, he
moved ;

And entering led me with him, on the bounds
Of the first circle that surrounds the abyss.

Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint was
heard

Except of sighs, that made the eternal air
Tremble, not caused by tortures, but from
grief

Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,
Of men, women, and infants. Then to me
The gentle guide : “ Inquirest thou not what
spirits

Are these which thou beholdest ? Ere thou
pass

Farther, I would thou know, that these of sin
Were blameless ; and if aught they merited,
It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,
The portal to thy faith. If they before

The Gospel lived, they served not God aright ;
And among such am I. For these defects,
And for no other evil, we are lost ;
Only so far afflicted, that we live
Desiring without hope." Sore grief assail'd
My heart at hearing this, for well I knew
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul
Of mighty worth. " O tell me, sire revered !
Tell me, my master ! " I began, through wish
Of full assurance in that holy faith
Which vanquishes all error ; " say, did e'er
Any, or through his own or other's merit,
Come forth from thence, who afterward was
blest ? "

Piercing the secret purport¹ of my speech,
He answer'd : " I was new to that estate,
When I beheld a puissant one² arrive
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crown'd.
He forth the shade of our first parent drew,
Abel his child and Noah righteous man,
Of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,
Of patriarch Abraham, and David king,
Israel with his sire and with his sons,

¹ *Secret purport.*] Lombardi well observes, that Dante seems to have been restrained by awe and reverence from uttering the name of Christ in this place of torment ; and that for the same cause, probably, it does not occur once throughout the whole of this first part of the poem.

² *A puissant one.*] Our Saviour.

Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,
And others many more, whom he to bless
Exalted. Before these, be thou assured,
No spirit of human kind was ever saved."

We, while he spake, ceased not our onward
road,

Still passing through the wood ; for so I name
Those spirits thick beset. We were not far
On this side from the summit, when I kenn'd
A flame, that o'er the darken'd hemisphere
Prevailing shined. Yet we a little space
Were distant, not so far but I in part
Discover'd that a tribe in honour high
That place possess'd. " O, thou, who every
art

And science valuest ! who are these, that boast
Such honour, separate from all the rest ? "

He answer'd : " The renown of their great
names,

That echoes through your world above, ac-
quires

Favour in heaven, which holds them thus ad-
vanced."

Meantime a voice I heard : " Honour the bard
Sublime ! his shade returns, that left us late ! "
No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld
Four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,
Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.

When thus my master kind began : " Mark
him

Who in his right hand bears that falchion keen,
The other three preceding, as their lord.
This is that Homer, of all bards supreme :
Flaccus the next, in satire's vein excelling ;
The third is Naso ; Lucan is the last.
Because they all that appellation own,
With which the voice singly accosted me,
Honouring they greet me thus, and well they
judge."

So I beheld united the bright school
Of him the monarch of sublimest song,¹
That o'er the others like an eagle soars.

When they together short discourse had held,
They turn'd to me, with salutation kind
Beckoning me ; at the which my master
smiled :

Nor was this all ; but greater honour still
They gave me, for they made me of their tribe ;
And I was sixth amid so learn'd a band.

Far as the luminous beacon on we pass'd,

¹ *The monarch of sublimest song.]* Homer. It appears from a passage in the *Convito*, that there was no Latin translation of Homer in Dante's time. " Sappia ciascuno," etc. p. 20. " Every one should know, that nothing, harmonized by musical enchantment, can be transmuted from one tongue into another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony. And this is the reason why Homer has never been turned from Greek into Latin, as the other writers we have of theirs."

Speaking of matters, then befitting well
To speak, now fitter left untold. At foot
Of a magnificent castle we arrived,
Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round
Defended by a pleasant stream. O'er this
As o'er dry land we pass'd. Next, through
seven gates,

I with those sages enter'd, and we came
Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.

There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes
around

Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority : they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful
sweet.

We to one side retired, into a place
Open and bright and lofty, whence each one
Stood manifest to view. Incontinent,
There on the green enamel of the plain
Were shown me the great spirits, by whose
sight

I am exalted in my own esteem.

Electra¹ there I saw accompanied
By many, among whom Hector I knew,

¹ *Electra*.] The daughter of Atlas, and mother of Dardanus, the founder of Troy. See Virg. *Æn.* lib. 8. 134, as referred to by Dante in the treatise *De Monarchiâ*, lib. 2.

Anchises' pious son, and with hawk's eye
 Cæsar all arm'd, and by Camilla there
 Penthesilea. On the other side,
 Old king Latinus seated by his child
 Lavinia, and that Brutus I beheld
 Who Tarquin chased, Lucretia, Cato's wife
 Marcia, with Julia ¹ and Cornelia there ;
 And sole apart retired, the Soldan fierce.²

Then when a little more I raised my brow,
 I spied the master of the sapient throng,³
 Seated amid the philosophic train.
 Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.

¹ *Julia.*] The daughter of Julius Cæsar, and wife of Pompey.

² *The Soldan fierce.*] Saladin, or Salaheddin, the rival of Richard Cœur de Lion. See D'Herbelot, *Bibl.Orient*, the Life of Saladin, by Bohao'edin Ebn Shedad, published by Albert Schultens, with a Latin translation; and Knolles' *Hist. of the Turks*, p. 57 to 73. "About this time (1193) died the great Sultan Saladin, the greatest terror of the Christians, who, mindful of man's fragility and the vanity of worldly honours, commanded at the time of his death no solemnity to be used at his burial, but only his shirt, in manner of an ensign, made fast unto the point of a lance, to be carried before his dead body as an ensign, a plain priest going before, and crying aloud unto the people in this sort, 'Saladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in his life, carrieth not with him anything more than his shirt.' A sight worthy so great a king, as wanted nothing to his eternal commendation more than the true knowledge of his salvation in Christ Jesus. He reigned about sixteen years with great honour." He is introduced by Petrarch in the *Triumph of Fame*, c. ii.; and by Boccaccio in the *Decameron*, G. x. N. 9.

³ *The master of the sapient throng.*] Aristotle, else-where in the poem referred to as the "Stagyrite."

There Socrates and Plato both I mark'd
Nearest to him in rank, Democritus,
Who sets the world at chance,¹ Diogenes,
With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,
And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,
Zeno, and Dioscorides well read
In nature's secret lore. Orpheus I mark'd
And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,
Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,
Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
That commentary vast, Averroes.²

Of all to speak at full were vain attempt ;
For my wide theme so urges, that oft-times
My words fall short of what bechanced. In
two

The six associates part. Another way
My sage guide leads me from that air serene,
Into a climate ever vex'd with storms :
And to a part I come, where no light shines.

¹ ————*Democritus,*

Who sets the world at chance.]

Democritus, who maintained the world to have been formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

² ————*Him who made*

That commentary vast, Averroes.]

Averroes, called by the Arabians Roschd, translated and commented the works of Aristotle.

CANTO V

Argument,

Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Amongst these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

FROM the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature : he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around :
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses ; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Alway a numerous throng ; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and
hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling
hurl'd.

“ O thou ! who to this residence of woe
Approachest ? ” when he saw me coming,
cried

Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
“ Look how thou enter here ; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust ; let not the entrance
broad

Deceive thee to thy harm.” To him my guide :
“ Wherefore exclaimest ? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed ; so ’tis will’d,
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no
more.”

Now ’gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there
groan’d

A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With ruthless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl’d round and dash’d amain with sore
annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations,
moans,
And blasphemies ’gainst the good Power in
Heaven.

I understood, that to this torment sad

The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom
Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad ;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them : hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,¹
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the
sky,

Stretch'd out in long array ; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I : " Instructor !
who

Are these, by the black air so scourged ?"—

" The first

'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he
replied,

" O'er many tongues was empress. She in
vice

¹ *As cranes.*] This simile is imitated by Lorenzo de Medici, in his *Ambra*, a poem, first published by Mr. Roscoe, in the Appendix to his *Life of Lorenzo* :

Marking the tracts of air, the clamorous cranes
Wheel their due flight in varied ranks descried ;
And each with outstretch'd neck his rank maintains,
In marshal'd order through the ethereal void.

Roscoe, vol. i. c. v. p. 257, 4to edit.

Compare Homer, *Il.* iii. 3 ; Virgil, *Æn.* lib. 10. 264 ;
Oppian, *Halieut.* lib. 1. 620 ; Ruccellai, *Le Api*, 942 ;
and Dante's *Purgatorio*, xxiv. 63.

Of luxury was so shameless that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurr'd.
This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused ;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith :
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil ; there the
great

Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan ; and beside,
A thousand more he show'd me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days,
o'erpower'd

By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost ; and I began : " Bard ! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He
thus :

" Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat ; and they will come." Soon as the
wind

Sway'd them towards us, I thus framed my
speech :

“ O wearied spirits ! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrain'd.” As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along ;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding : with such
force

My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urged.

“ O gracious creature and benign ! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure.¹
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued ;
If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,

¹ *Element obscure.*] “ L'aer perso.” Much is said by the commentators concerning the exact sense of the word “ perso.” It cannot be explained in clearer terms than those used by Dante himself in his *Convito* : “ Il perso è un colore misto di purpureo e nero, ma vince il nero,” p. 185. “ It is a colour mixed of purple and black, but the black prevails.” The word recurs several times in this poem. Chaucer also uses it, in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, Doctour of Phisike :

As now, is mute. The land,¹ that gave me
birth,

Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

“Love, that in gentle heart is quickly
learnt,²

Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still :
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death : Caïna ³ waits
The soul, who spilt our life.” Such were their
words ;

At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,

¹ *The land.*] Ravenna.

² *Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt.*]

Amor, ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende.

A line taken by Marino, *Adone*, c. cxli. st. 251.

That the reader of the original may not be misled as to the exact sense of the word “s'apprende,” which I have rendered “is learnt,” it may be right to apprise him that it signifies “is caught,” and that it is a metaphor from a thing taking fire. Thus it is used by Guido Guinicelli, whom indeed our Poet seems here to have had in view :

Fuoco d'Amore in gentil cor s'apprende,
Come vertute in pietra preziosa.

Sonetti, etc., di diversi Antichi Toscani, ediz. Giunti, 1527, lib. 9. p. 107.

The fire of love in gentle heart is caught,
As virtue in the precious stone.

³ *Caïna.*] The place to which murderers are doomed.

And held them there so long, that the bard
cried :

“ What art thou pondering ? ” I in answer
thus :

“ Alas ! by what sweet thoughts, what fond
desire

Must they at length to that ill pass have
reach'd ! ”

Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,
And thus began : “ Francesca !¹ your sad
fate

Even to tears my grief and pity moves.

But tell me ; in the time of your sweet sighs,

By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew

Your yet uncertain wishes ? ” She replied :

“ No greater grief than to remember days

Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens

Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly

¹ *Francesca.*] Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother Paolo, who unhappily possessed those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engaged her affections ; and being taken in adultery, they were both put to death by the enraged Lanciotto. See Notes to Canto xxvii. v. 38 and 43. Troya relates, that they were buried together ; and that three centuries after, the bodies were found at Rimini, whither they had been removed from Pesaro, with the silken garments yet fresh. *Veltro Allegorico di Dante*, ediz. 1826, p. 33. Mr. Leigh Hunt has expanded the episode into a beautiful

If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,¹
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one
point

Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer
both

Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more."² While thus one spirit
spake,

The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting seem'd not far,
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

¹ *Lancelot.*] One of the Knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Ginevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance. The incident alluded to seems to have made a strong impression on the imagination of Dante, who introduces it again, in the *Paradiso*, Canto xvi.

² ——— *In its leaves that day*
We read no more.] Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which Francesca in these words intimates her guilt.

CANTO VI

Argument.

On his recovery, the Poet finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished. Their torment is to lie in the mire, under a continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and discoloured water ; Cerberus meanwhile barking over them with his threefold throat, and rending them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was named Ciaccio, foretells the divisions with which Florence is about to be distracted. Dante proposes a question to his guide, who solves it ; and they proceed towards the fourth circle.

My sense reviving, that erewhile had droop'd
With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief
O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see
New torments, new tormented souls, which
way

Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, of showers
Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged
For ever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discolour'd water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air stream'd down
amain :

Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.
Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a
dog

Over the multitude immersed beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous

His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with
which

He tears the spirits, flays them, and their
limbs

Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as
curs,

Under the rainy deluge, with one side
The other screening, oft they roll them round,
A wretched, godless crew. When that great
worm

Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped
His jaws, and the fangs show'd us ; not a limb
Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his
palms

Expanding on the ground, thence fill'd with
earth

Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.
E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food
His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall
His fury, bent alone with eager haste
To swallow it ; so dropp'd the loathsome
cheeks

Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.

We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the
brunt

Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
Upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.

They all along the earth extended lay,
Save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,
Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O thou!"
He cried, "who through the infernal shades art
led,

Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou wast
framed

Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:
"The anguish thou endurest perchance so
takes

Thy form from my remembrance, that it seems
As if I saw thee never. But inform

Me who thou art, that in a place so sad
Art set, and in such torment, that although
Other be greater, none disgusteth more."

He thus in answer to my words rejoin'd:

"The city, heap'd with envy to the brim,
Ay, that the measure overflows its bounds,

Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens
Were wont to name me Ciacco.¹ For the sin
Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,
E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn:
Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these
Have by like crime incurr'd like punishment."

No more he said, and I my speech resumed:

¹ *Ciacco*.] So called from his inordinate appetite; Ciacco, in Italian, signifying a pig. The real name of this glutton has not been transmitted to us. He is introduced in Boccaccio's *Decameron* Giorn. ix. Nov. 8.

"Ciaccio ! thy dire affliction grieves me much,
Even to tears. But tell me if thou know'st,
What shall at length befall the citizens
Of the divided city ;¹ whether any
Just one inhabit there : and tell the cause,
Whence jarring Discord hath assail'd it thus."

He then : "After long striving they will
come

To blood ; and the wild party from the woods²
Will chase the other³ with much injury forth.
Then it behoves that this must fall,⁴ within
Three solar circles ;⁵ and the other rise
By borrow'd force of one, who under shore
Now rests.⁶ It shall a long space hold aloof
Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight
The other opprest, indignant at the load,
And grieving sore. The just are two in num-
ber,⁷

¹ *The divided city.*] The city of Florence, divided into the Bianchi and Neri factions.

² *The wild party from the woods.*] So called, because it was headed by Veri de' Cerchi, whose family had lately come into the city from Acone, and the woody country of the Val di Nievole.

³ *The other.*] The opposite party of the Neri, at the head of which was Corso Donati.

⁴ *This must fall.*] The Bianchi.

⁵ *Three solar circles.*] Three years.

⁶ ——— *Of one, who under shore
Now rests.*]

Charles of Valois, by whose means the Neri were replaced.

⁷ *The just are two in number.*] Who these two were, the commentators are not agreed. Some understand

But they neglected. Avarice, envy, pride,
 Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of all
 On fire." Here ceased the lamentable sound ;
 And I continued thus : " Still would I learn
 More from thee, further parley still entreat.
 Of Farinata and Tegghiaio¹ say,
 They who so well deserved ; of Giacopo,²
 Arrigo, Mosca,³ and the rest, who bent
 Their minds on working good. Oh ! tell me
 where
 They bide, and to their knowledge let me come.

them to be Dante himself and his friend Guido Cavalcanti. But this would argue a presumption, which our Poet himself elsewhere contradicts ; for, in the *Purgatorio*, he owns his consciousness of not being exempted from one at least of " the three fatal sparks, which had set the hearts of all on fire." See Canto xiii. 126. Others refer the encomium to Barduccio and Giovanni Vespignano, adducing the following passage from Villani in support of their opinion : " In the year 1331 died in Florence two just and good men, of holy life and conversation, and bountiful in almsgiving, although laymen. The one was named Barduccio, and was buried in S. Spirito, in the place of the Frati Romitani : the other, named Giovanni da Vespignano, was buried in S. Pietro Maggiore. And by each, God showed open miracles, in healing the sick and lunatic after divers manners ; and for each there was ordained a solemn funeral, and many images of wax set up in discharge of vows that had been made." G. Villani, lib. 10. cap. clxxix.

¹ *Of Farinata and Tegghiaio.*] See Canto x. and Notes, and Canto xvi. and Notes.

² *Giacopo.*] Giacopo Rusticucci. See Canto xvi. and Notes.

³ *Arrigo, Mosca.*] Of Arrigo, who is said by the commentators to have been of the noble family of the Fifanti, no mention afterwards occurs. Mosca degli Uberti, or de' Lamberti, is introduced in Canto xxviii.

For I am press'd with keen desire to hear
If heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of hell,
Be to their lip assign'd." He answer'd straight :
" These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes
Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them.
But to the pleasant world, when thou return'st,
Of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.
No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."

This said, his fixed eyes he turn'd askance,
A little eyed me, then bent down his head,
And 'midst his blind companions with it fell.

When thus my guide : " No more his bed he
leaves,

Ere the last angel-trumpet blow. The Power
Adverse to these shall then in glory come,
Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,
Resume his fleshly vesture and his form,
And hear the eternal doom re-echoing rend
The vault." So pass'd we through that mix-
ture foul

Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps ; mean-
while

Touching,¹ though slightly, on the life to come.
For thus I question'd : " Shall these tortures,
Sir !

¹ *Touching.*] Conversing, though in a slight and superficial manner, on the life to come.

When the great sentence passes, be increased,
Or mitigated, or as now severe ? ”

He then : “ Consult thy knowledge ; ¹ that
decides,

That, as each thing to more perfection grows,
It feels more sensibly both good and pain.

Though ne’er to true perfection may arrive
This race accurst, yet nearer then, than now,
They shall approach it.” Compassing that
path,

Circuitous we journey’d ; and discourse,
Much more than I relate, between us pass’d :
Till at the point, whence the steps led below,
Arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

CANTO VII

Argument.

In the present Canto, Dante describes his descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which he sees Plutus stationed. Here one like doom awaits the prodigal and the avaricious ; which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. From hence Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the goods that are committed into the charge of Fortune ; and this moves our author to inquire what being that Fortune is, of whom he speaks : which question being resolved, they go

¹ *Consult thy knowledge.*] We are referred to the following passage in St. Augustin :—“ Cum fiet resurrectio carnis et bonorum gaudia et malorum tormenta majora erunt.” —“ At the resurrection of the flesh, both the happiness of the good and the torments of the wicked will be increased.”

down into the fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and gloomy tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a compass round great part of this lake, they come at last to the base of a lofty tower.

"AH me! O Satan! Satan!"¹ loud ex-claim'd

Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm :

And the kind sage, whom no event surprised,
To comfort me thus spake : " Let not thy fear
Harm thee, for power in him, be sure, is none
To hinder down this rock thy safe descent."

Then to that swoln lip turning, " Peace ! " he
cried,

" Curst wolf ! thy fury inward on thyself
Prey and consume thee ! Through the dark
profound,

Not without cause, he passes. So 'tis will'd
On high, there where the great Archangel
pour'd

¹ *Ah me ! O Satan ! Satan !* Pape Satan, pape Satan, aleppe.

Pape is said by the commentators to be the same as the Latin word *papæ*, "strange!" Of *aleppe* they do not give a more satisfactory account. See the *Life of Benvenuto Cellini*, translated by Dr. Nugent, v. ii. b. 3. cap. vii. p. 113, where he mentions "having heard the words, *Paix, paix, Satan ! allez, paix !* in the courts of justice at Paris. I recollected what Dante said, when he with his master Virgil entered the gates of hell: for Dante, and Giotto the painter, were together in France, and visited Paris with particular attention, where the court of justice may be considered as hell. Hence it is that Dante, who was likewise perfect master of the French, made use of that expression; and I have often been surprised that it was never understood in that sense."

Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer
proud." ¹

As sails, full spread and bellying with the
wind,

Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split ;
So to the ground down droop'd the cruel fiend.

Thus we, descending to the fourth steep
ledge,

Gain'd on the dismal shore, that all the woe
Hems in of all the universe. Ah me !

Almighty Justice ! in what store thou heap'st ²
New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.

Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this ?

E'en as a billow, on Charybdis rising
Against encounter'd billow dashing breaks ;
Such is the dance this wretched race must lead,
Whom more than elsewhere numerous here I
found.

From one side and the other, with loud voice,
Both roll'd on weights, by main force of their
breasts,

¹ *The first adulterer proud.*] Satan. The word "for-
nication," or "adultery," "strupo," is here used for a
revolt of the affections from God, according to the sense
in which it is often applied in Scripture.

² *In what store thou heap'st.*] Some understand "chi
stipa" to mean either "who can imagine," or "who can
describe the torments," etc. I have followed Landino,
whose words, though very plain, seem to have been mis-
taken by Lombardi : "Chi stipa, chi accumula, ed insieme
raccoglie ; quasi dica, tu giustizia aduni tanti supplicii."

Then smote together, and each one forthwith
Roll'd them back voluble, turning again ;
Exclaiming these, " Why holdest thou so
fast ? "

Those answering, " And why castest thou
away ? "

So, still repeating their spiteful song,
They to the opposite point, on either hand,
Traversed the horrid circle ; then arrived,
Both turn'd them round, and through the
middle space

Conflicting met again. At sight whereof
I, stung with grief, thus spake : " O say, my
guide !

What race is this ? Were these, whose heads
are shorn,

On our left hand, all separate to the church ? "

He straight replied : " In their first life,
these all

In mind were so distorted, that they made,
According to due measure, of their wealth
No use. This clearly from their words collect,
Which they howl forth, at each extremity
Arriving of the circle, where their crime
Contrary in kind disparts them. To the
church

Were separate those, that with no hairy
cowls

Are crown'd both Popes and Cardinals,¹ o'er
whom

Avarice dominion absolute maintains."

I then : " 'Mid such as these some needs must
be,

Whom I shall recognize, that with the blot
Of these foul sins were stain'd." He answering
thus ;

" Vain thought conceivest thou. That
ignoble life,
Which made them vile before, now makes
them dark,

And to all knowledge indiscernible.

For ever they shall meet in this rude shock :

These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall
rise,

Those with close-shaven locks. That ill they
gave,

And ill they kept, hath of the beauteous world
Deprived, and set them at this strife, which
needs

No labour'd phrase of mine to set it off.

¹ *Popes and Cardinals.*] Ariosto, having personified Avarice as a stranger and hideous monster, says of her—

Peggio facea nella Romana corte,
Che v'avea uccisi Cardinali e Papi. *Orl. Fur.* c.
xxvi. st. 32.

Worse did she in the Court of Rome, for there
She had slain Popes and Cardinals.

Now mayst thou see, my son ! how brief, how
vain,

The goods committed into Fortune's hands,
For which the human race keep such a coil !
Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
Might purchase rest for one." I thus rejoin'd :
" My guide ! of thee this also would I learn ;
This Fortune, that thou speak'st of, what it is,
Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world."

He thus : " O beings blind ! what ignorance
Besets you ! Now my judgment hear and
mark.

He, whose transcendent wisdom passes all,
The heavens creating, gave them ruling powers
To guide them ; so that each part ¹ shines to
each,

Their light in equal distribution pour'd.
By similar appointment he ordain'd,
Over the world's bright images to rule,
Superintendence of a guiding hand
And general minister, which, at due time,
May change the empty vantages of life
From race to race, from one to other's blood,
Beyond prevention of man's wisest care :
Wherefore one nation rises into sway,

¹ *Each part.*] Each hemisphere of the heavens shines upon that hemisphere of the earth which is placed under it.

Another languishes, e'en as her will
Decrees, from us conceal'd, as in the grass
The serpent train. Against her naught avails
Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight
plans,

Judges, and carries on her reign, as theirs
The other powers divine. Her changes know
None intermission : by necessity
She is made swift, so frequent come who claim
Succession in her favours. This is she,
So execrated e'en by those whose debt
To her is rather praise : they wrongfully
With blame requite her, and with evil word ;
But she is blessed, and for that recks not :
Amidst the other primal beings glad,
Rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.
Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe
Descending : for each star is falling now,
That mounted at our entrance, and forbids
Too long our tarrying." We the circle cross'd
To the next steep, arriving at a well,
That boiling pours itself down to a foss
Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the
wave

Than sablest grain : and we in company
Of the inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath
Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands

The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the
foot

Of the gray wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the
feet,

Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

The good instructor spake : " Now seest
thou, son !

The souls of those, whom anger overcame.
This too for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
Fix'd in the slime, they say : ' Sad once were
we,

' In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,

' Carrying a foul and lazy mist within :

' Now in these murky settlings are we sad.'

Such dolorous strain they gurgles in their
throats,

But word distinct can utter none." Our route
Thus compass'd we, a segment widely stretch'd
Between the dry embankment, and the core
Of the loath'd pool, turning meanwhile our
eyes

Downward on those who gulp'd its muddy
lees ;
Nor stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came.

CANTO VIII

Argument.

A signal having been made from the tower, Phlegyas, the ferryman of the lake, speedily crosses it, and conveys Virgil and Dante to the other side. On their passage, they meet with Filippo Argenti, whose fury and torment are described. They then arrive at the city of Dis, the entrance whereto is denied, and the portals closed against them by many Demons.

My theme pursuing,¹ I relate, that ere
We reach'd the lofty turret's base, our eyes
Its height ascended, where we mark'd uphung
Two cressets, and another saw from far
Return the signal, so remote, that scarce
The eye could catch its beam. I, turning
round

¹ *My theme pursuing.*] It is related by some of the early commentators, that the seven preceding Cantos were found at Florence after our Poet's banishment, by some one who was searching over his papers, which were left in that city; that by this person they were taken to Dino Frescobaldi; and that he, being much delighted with them, forwarded them to the Marchese Morello Malaspina, at whose entreaty the poem was resumed. This account, though very circumstantially related, is rendered improbable by the prophecy of Ciaccio in the sixth Canto, which must have been written after the events to which it alludes. The manner in which the present Canto opens furnishes no proof of the truth of the report.

To the deep source of knowledge, thus inquired :
“ Say what this means ; and what, that other
light

In answer set : what agency doth this ? ”

“ There on the filthy waters,” he replied,
“ E’en now what next awaits us mayst thou
see,

If the marsh-gender’d fog conceal it not.”

Never was arrow from the cord dismiss’d,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied
Toward us coming, under the sole sway
Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud :

“ Art thou arrived, fell spirit ? ”—“ Phlegyas,
Phlegyas,¹

This time thou criest in vain,” my lord replied ;
“ No longer shalt thou have us, but while o’er
The slimy pool we pass.” As one who hears
Of some great wrong he hath sustain’d,
whereat

Inly he pines ; so Phlegyas inly pined
In his fierce ire. My guide, descending,
stepp’d

Into the skiff, and bade me enter next,
Close at his side ; nor, till my entrance, seem’d

¹ *Phlegyas.*] Phlegyas, who was so incensed against Apollo, for having violated his daughter Coronis, that he set fire to the temple of that deity, by whose vengeance he was cast into Tartarus. See Virg. *Æn.* lib. 6, 618.

The vessel freighted. Soon as both embark'd,
Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,
More deeply than with others it is wont.

While we our course o'er the dead channel
held,

One drench'd in mire before me came, and said :
" Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine
hour ? "

I answer'd : " Though I come, I tarry not :
But who art thou, that art become so foul ? "

" One, as thou seest, who mourn : " he
straight replied.

To which I thus : " In mourning and in woe,
Curst spirit ! tarry thou. I know thee well,
E'en thus in filth disguised." Then stretch'd
he forth

Hands to the bark ; whereof my teacher sage
Aware, thrusting him back : " Away ! down
there

To the other dogs ! " then, with his arms my
neck

Encircling, kiss'd my cheek, and spake : " O
soul,

Justly disdainful ! blest was she in whom
Thou wast conceived. He in the world was
one

For arrogance noted : to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre ; even so

Here is his shadow furious. There above,
How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise."

I then : " Master ! him fain would I behold
Whelm'd in these dregs, before we quit the
lake."

He thus : " Or ever to thy view the shore
Be offer'd, satisfied shall be that wish,
Which well deserves completion." Scarce his
words

Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
Set on him with such violence, that yet
For that render I thanks to God and praise.

" To Filippo Argenti ! " ¹ cried they all :

And on himself the moody Florentine
Turn'd his avenging fangs. Him here we left,
Nor speak I of him more. But on mine ear
Sudden a sound of lamentation smote,
Whereat mine eye unbarr'd I sent abroad.

And thus the good instructor : " Now, my
son

Draws near the city, that of Dis is named,
With its grave denizens, a mighty throng "

I thus : " The minarets already, Sir !

¹ *Filippo Argenti.*] Boccaccio tells us, " he was a man remarkable for the large proportions and extraordinary vigour of his bodily frame, and the extreme waywardness and irascibility of his temper." *Decam.* G. ix. N. 8.

There, certes, in the valley I descry,
Gleaming vermilion, as if they from fire
Had issued." He replied : " Eternal fire,
That inward burns, shows them with ruddy
flame

Illumed ; as in this nether hell thou seest."

We came within the fosses deep, that moat
This region comfortless. The walls appear'd
As they were framed of iron. We had made
Wide circuit, ere a place we reach'd, where
loud

The mariner cried vehement : " Go forth :
The entrance is here." Upon the gates I spied
More than a thousand, who of old from heaven
Were shower'd. With ireful gestures, " Who
is this,"

They cried, " that, without death first felt,
goes through

The regions of the dead ? " My sapient guide
Made sign that he for secret parley wish'd ;
Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus
They spake : " Come thou alone ; and let him
go,

Who hath so hardily enter'd this realm.
Alone return he by his witless way ;
If well he know it, let him prove. For thee,
Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so
dark

Hast been his escort." Now bethink thee,
reader !

What cheer was mine at sound of those curst
words.

I did believe I never should return.

" O my loved guide ! who more than seven
times ¹

Security hast render'd me, and drawn
From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,
Desert me not," I cried, " in this extreme.
And, if our onward going be denied,
Together trace we back our steps with speed."

My liege, who thither had conducted me,
Replied : " Fear not : for of our passage none
Hath power to disappoint us, by such high
Authority permitted. But do thou
Expect me here ; meanwhile, thy wearied
spirit

Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured
I will not leave thee in this lower world."

This said, departs the sire benevolent,
And quits me. Hesitating I remain

¹ *Seven times.*] The commentators, says Venturi, perplex themselves with the inquiry what seven perils these were from which Dante had been delivered by Virgil. Reckoning the beasts in the first Canto as one of them, and adding Charon, Minos, Cerberus, Plutus, Phlegyas, and Filippo Argenti, as so many others, we shall have the number ; and if this be not satisfactory, we may suppose a determinate to have been put for an indeterminate number.

At war, 'twixt will and will not, in my thoughts.

I could not hear what terms he offer'd them,
But they conferr'd not long, for all at once
Pellmell¹ rush'd back within. Closed were
the gates,

By those our adversaries, on the breast
Of my liege lord : excluded, he return'd
To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground
His eyes were bent, and from his brow erased
All confidence, while thus in sighs he spake :
" Who hath denied me these abodes of woe ? "
Then thus to me : " That I am anger'd, think
No ground of terror : in this trial I
Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within
For hindrance. This their insolence, not new,²
Erewhile at gate less secret they display'd,
Which still is without bolt ; upon its arch
Thou saw'st the deadly scroll : and even now,
On this side of its entrance, down the steep,
Passing the circles, unescorted, comes
One whose strong might can open us this land."

¹ *Pellmell.*] A pruova. "Certatim." "A l'envi." I had before translated "To trial;" and have to thank Mr. Carlyle for detecting the error.

² *This their insolence, not new.*] Virgil assures our Poet, that these evil spirits had formerly shown the same insolence when our Saviour descended into hell. They attempted to prevent him from entering at the gate, over which Dante had read the fatal inscription. "That gate which," says the Roman poet, "an angel had just passed, by whose aid we shall overcome this opposition, and gain admittance into the city."

CANTO IX

Argument.

After some hindrances, and having seen the hellish furies and other monsters, the Poet, by the help of an angel, enters the city of Dis, wherein he discovers that the heretics are punished in tombs burning with intense fire: and he, together with Virgil, passes onwards between the sepulchres and the walls of the city.

THE hue,¹ which coward dread on my pale cheeks

Imprinted when I saw my guide turn back,
Chased that from his which newly they had worn,

And inwardly restrain'd it. He, as one
Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye
Not far could lead him through the sable air,
And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet behoves

We win this fight;" thus he began: "if not,
Such aid to us is offer'd.—Oh! how long
Me seems it, ere the promised help arrive."

I noted, how the sequel of his words
Cloked their beginning; for the last he spake
Agreed not with the first. But not the less
My fear was at his saying; sith I drew
To import worse, perchance, than that he held,

¹ *The hue.*] Virgil, perceiving that Dante was pale with fear, restrained those outward tokens of displeasure which his own countenance had betrayed.

His mutilated speech. "Doth ever any
 Into this rueful concave's extreme depth
 Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain
 Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"

Thus I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,
 "It chanches, that among us any makes
 This journey, which I wend. Erewhile, 'tis
 true,

Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell
 Erictho,¹ sorceress, who compell'd the shades
 Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh
 Was naked of me,² when within these walls
 She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit
 From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place
 Is that of all, obscurest, and removed
 Farthest from heaven's all-circling orb. The
 road

Full well I know: thou therefore rest secure.
 That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round

¹ *Erictho.*] Erictho, a Thessalian sorceress, according to Lucan, *Pharsal.* lib. 6, was employed by Sextus, son of Pompey the Great, to conjure up a spirit, who should inform him of the issue of the civil wars between his father and Caesar.

² ————*No long space my flesh
 Was naked of me.*]

Dante appears to have fallen into an anachronism. Virgil's death did not happen till long after this period. But Lombardi shows, in opposition to the other commentators, that the anachronism is only apparent. Erictho might well have survived the battle of Pharsalia long enough to be employed in her magical practices at the time of Virgil's decease.

The city of grief encompasses, which now
We may not enter without rage." Yet more
He added : but I hold it not in mind,
For that mine eye toward the lofty tower
Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top ;
Where, in an instant, I beheld uprisen
At once three hellish furies stain'd with blood :
In limb and motion feminine they seem'd ;
Around them greenest hydras twisting roll'd
Their volumes ; adders and cerastes crept
Instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.

He, knowing well the miserable hags
Who tend the queen of endless woe, thus spake :
“ Mark thou each dire Erynnis. To the left,
This is Megæra ; on the right hand, she
Who wails, Alecto ; and Tisiphone
I’ th’ midst.” This said, in silence he remain’d.
Their breast they each one clawing tore ;
 themselves
Smote with their palms, and such thrill clamour
 raised

That to the bard I clung, suspicion bound.

“Hasten Medusa : so to adamant
Him shall we change ;” all looking down
exclaim’d :

“E’en when by Theseus’ might assail’d, we took
No ill revenge.” “Turn thyself round, and
keep

Thy countenance hid ; for if the Gorgon dire
Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy
return

Upwards would be for ever lost." This said,
Himself, my gentle master, turn'd me round ;
Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own
He also hid me. Ye of intellect
Sound and entire, mark well the lore ¹ conceal'd

Under close texture of the mystic strain.

And now there came o'er the perturbed
waves

Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,
That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and
hurls

Afar ; ² then, onward passing, proudly sweeps

¹ *The lore.*] The Poet probably intends to call the reader's attention to the allegorical and mystic sense of the present Canto, and not, as Venturi supposes, to that of the whole work. Landino supposes this hidden meaning to be, that in the case of those vices which proceed from incontinence and intemperance, reason, which is figured under the person of Virgil, with the ordinary grace of God, may be a sufficient safeguard ; but that in the instance of more heinous crimes, such as those we shall hereafter see punished, a special grace, represented by the angel, is requisite for our defence.

² *Afar.*] "Porta i fiori," "carries away the blossoms," is the common reading. "Porta fuori," which is the right reading, adopted by Lombardi in his edition from the

His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds
fly.

Mine eyes he loosed, and spake : " And now
direct

Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,
There, thickest where the smoke ascends."

As frogs

Before their foe the serpent, through the wave
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
Lies on a heap ; more than a thousand spirits
Destroy'd, so saw I fleeing before one
Who pass'd with unwet feet the Stygian sound.
He, from his face removing the gross air,
Oft his left hand forth stretch'd, and seem'd
alone

By that annoyance wearied. I perceived
That he was sent from heaven ; and to my guide
Turn'd me, who signal made, that I should
stand

Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me ! how full
Of noble anger seem'd he. To the gate
He came, and with his wand ¹ touch'd it,
whereat

Nidobeatina, for which he claims it exclusively, I had also
seen in Landino's edition of 1484, and adopted from thence,
long before it was my chance to meet with Lombardi.

¹ *With his wand.*]

She with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope.

Spenser, *F. Q. b. 4. c. iii. st. 46.*

Open without impediment it flew.

“ Outcasts of heaven ! O abject race, and
scorn’d ! ”

Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing,

“ Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
Lodge in you ? wherefore kick you ’gainst that
will

Ne’er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
Hath laid on you enforcement of your
pangs ?

What profits, at the fates to butt the horn ?

Your Cerberus,¹ if ye remember, hence

Bears still, peel’d of their hair, his throat and
maw.”

This said, he turn’d back o’er the filthy
way,

And syllable to us spake none ; but wore

The semblance of a man by other care

Beset, and keenly prest, than thought of him

Who in his presence stands. Then we our
steps

Towards that territory moved, secure

¹ *Your Cerberus.*] Cerberus is feigned to have been dragged by Hercules, bound with a threefold chain, of which, says the angel, he still bears the marks. Lombardi blames the other interpreters for having supposed that the angel attributes this exploit to Hercules, a fabulous hero, rather than to our Saviour. It would seem as if the good father had forgotten that Cerberus is himself no less a creature of the imagination than the hero who encountered him.

After the hallow'd words. We, unopposed,
There enter'd ; and, my mind eager to learn
What state a fortress like to that might hold,
I, soon as enter'd, throw mine eye around,
And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,
Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.

As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of
Arles,¹

Or as at Pola,² near Quarnaro's gulf,
That closes Italy and laves her bounds,
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres ;
So was it here, save what in horror here
Excell'd : for 'midst the graves were scatter'd
flames

Wherewith intensely all throughout they
burn'd,

That iron for no craft there hotter needs.

Their lids all hung suspended ; and beneath,
From them forth issued lamentable moans,
Such as the sad and tortured well might raise.

I thus : " Master ! say who are these, interr'd
Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear
The dolorous sighs." He answer thus return'd :
" The arch-heretics are here, accompanied
By every sect their followers ; and much more

¹ *The plains of Arles.*] In Provence.

² *At Pola.*] A city of Istria, situated near the gulf of Quarnaro, in the Adriatic Sea.

Than thou believest, the tombs are freighted :
like

With like is buried ; and the monuments
Are different in degrees of heat." This said,
He to the right hand turning, on we pass'd
Betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

CANTO X

Argument.

Dante, having obtained permission from his guide, holds discourse with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti, who lie in their fiery tombs, that are yet open, and not to be closed up till after the last judgment. Farinata predicts the Poet's exile from Florence ; and shows him that the condemned have knowledge of future things, but are ignorant of what is at present passing, unless it be revealed by some new-comer from earth.

Now by a secret pathway we proceed,
Between the walls, that hem the region round,
And the tormented souls : my master first,
I close behind his steps. " Virtue supreme ! "
I thus began : " who through these ample orbs
In circuit lead'st me, even as thou will'st ;
Speak thou, and satisfy my wish. May those,
Who lie within these sepulchres be seen ?
Already all the lids are raised, and none
O'er them keeps watch." He thus in answer
spake :

" They shall be closed all, what-time they here

From Josaphat ¹ returned shall come, and
bring

Their bodies, which above they now have left.

The cemetery on this part obtain,

With Epicurus, all his followers,

Who with the body make the spirit die.

Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon,

Both to the question ask'd, and to the wish ²

Which thou conceal'st in silence." I replied :

"I keep not, guide beloved ! from thee my
heart

Secreted, but to shun vain length of words ;

A lesson erewhile taught me by thyself."

"O Tuscan ! thou, who through the city of
fire

Alive art passing, so discreet of speech :

Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance

Declares the place of thy nativity

To be that noble land, with which perchance

¹ *Josaphat.*] It seems to have been a common opinion among the Jews, as well as among many Christians, that the general judgment will be held in the valley of Josaphat, or Jehoshaphat : "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." Joel, iii. 2.

² *The wish.*] The wish, that Dante had not expressed, was to see and converse with the followers of Epicurus ; among whom, we shall see, were Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti.

I too severely dealt." Sudden that sound
Forth issued from a vault, whereat, in fear,
I somewhat closer to my leader's side
Approaching, he thus spake: "What dost
thou? Turn:

Lo! Farinata¹ there, who hath himself
Uplifted: from his girdle upwards, all
Exposed, behold him." On his face was mine
Already fix'd: his breast and forehead there
Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held
E'en hell. Between the sepulchres, to him
My guide thrust me, with fearless hands and
prompt;

This warning added: "See thy words be clear."

He, soon as I there stood at the tomb's foot,
Eyed me a space; then in disdainful mood
Address'd me: "Say what ancestors were
thine."

I, willing to obey him, straight reveal'd
The whole, nor kept back aught: whence he,
his brow

Somewhat uplifting, cried: "Fiercely were
they

Adverse to me, my party, and the blood

¹ *Farinata.*] Farinata degli Uberti, a noble Florentine, was the leader of the Ghibelline faction, when they obtained a signal victory over the Guelfi at Montaperto, near the river Arbia. Macchiavelli calls him "a man of exalted soul, and great military talents." *Hist. of Flor.* b. 2.

From whence I sprang : twice,¹ therefore, I
abroad

Scatter'd them." "Though driven out, yet
they each time

From all parts," answered I, "return'd ; an
art

Which yours have shown they are not skill'd
to learn."

Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,
Rose from his side a shade,² high as the chin,
Leaning, methought, upon its knees upraised.
It look'd around, as eager to explore

If there were other with me ; but perceiving
That fond imagination quench'd, with tears
Thus spake : " If thou through this blind prison
go'st,

Led by thy lofty genius and profound,
Where is my son ? ³ and wherefore not with
thee ? "

¹ *Twice.*] The first time in 1248, when they were driven out by Frederick the Second. See G. Villani, lib. 6 c. xxxiv. ; and the second time in 1260. See Note to v. 83.

² *A shade.*] The spirit of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine, of the Guelph party.

³ *My son.*] Guido, the son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti ; " he whom I call the first of my friends," says Dante in his *Vita Nuova*, where the commencement of their friendship is related. From the character given of him by contemporary writers, his temper was well formed to assimilate with that of our Poet. " He was," according to G. Villani, lib. 8. c. xli., " of a philosophical and elegant mind, if he

I straight replied : “ Not of myself I come ;
By him, who there expects me, through this
clime

Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son
Had in contempt.”¹ Already had his words
And mode of punishment read me his name,
Whence I so fully answered. He at once
Exclaim’d, up starting, “ How ! said’st thou,
he *had* ?

No longer lives he ? Strikes not on his eye
The blessed daylight ? ” Then, of some delay
I made ere my reply, aware, down fell
Supine, nor after forth appear’d he more.

Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near
whom

I yet was station’d, changed not countenance
stern,

Nor moved the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.

“ And if,” continuing the first discourse,

“ They in this art,” he cried, “ small skill have
shown ;

had not been too delicate and fastidious.” He died, either
in exile at Serrazana, or soon after his return to Florence,
December, 1300, during the spring of which year the action
of this poem is supposed to be passing.

¹ ————*Guido thy son*

Had in contempt.] Guido Cavalcanti, being more
given to philosophy than poetry, was perhaps no great
admirer of Virgil. Some poetical compositions by Guido
are, however, still extant ; and his reputation for skill in
the art was such as to eclipse that of his predecessor and
namesake, Guido Guinicelli.

That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.
But not yet fifty times ¹ shall be relumed
Her aspect, who reigns here queen of this realm,²
Ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art.
So to the pleasant world mayst thou return,
As thou shalt tell me why, in all their laws,
Against my kin this people is so fell.

"The slaughter ³ and great havoc," I replied,
"That colour'd Arbia's flood with crimson
stain—

To these impute, that in our hallow'd dome
Such orisons ⁴ ascend." Sighing he shook
The head, then thus resumed: "In that affray
I stood not singly, nor, without just cause,
Assuredly, should with the rest have stirr'd;
But singly there I stood,⁵ when, by consent

¹ *Not yet fifty times.*] "Not fifty months shall be passed, before thou shalt learn, by woeful experience, the difficulty of returning from banishment to thy native city."

² *Queen of this realm.*] The moon, one of whose titles in heathen mythology, was Proserpine, queen of the shades below.

³ *The slaughter.*] "By means of Farinata degli Uberti, the Gueffi were conquered by the army of king Manfredi, near the river Arbia, with so great a slaughter, that those who escaped from that defeat took refuge, not in Florence, which city they considered as lost to them, but in Lucca."

⁴ *Such orisons.*] This appears to allude to certain prayers which were offered up in the churches of Florence, for deliverance from the hostile attempts of the Uberti: or, it may be, that the public councils being held in churches, the speeches delivered in them against the Uberti are termed "orisons," or prayers.

⁵ *Singly there I stood.*] Guido Novello assembled a

Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,
The one who openly forbade the deed."

"So may thy lineage find at last repose,"
I thus adjured him, "as thou solve this knot,
Which now involves my mind. If right I hear,
Ye seem to view beforehand that which time
Leads with him, of the present uninform'd."

"We view, as one who hath an evil sight,"
He answer'd, "plainly, objects far remote ;
So much of his large splendour yet imparts
The Almighty Ruler : but when they approach,
Or actually exist, our intellect
Then wholly fails ; nor of your human state,
Except what others bring us, know we aught.
Hence therefore mayst thou understand, that
all

Our knowledge in that instant shall expire,
When on futurity the portals close."

Then conscious of my fault,¹ and by remorse

council of the Ghibellini at Empoli ; where it was agreed by all, that, in order to maintain the ascendancy of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany, it was necessary to destroy Florence, which could serve only (the people of that city being Guelfi) to enable the party attached to the church to recover its strength. This cruel sentence, passed upon so noble a city, met with no opposition from any of its citizens or friends, except Farinata degli Uberti, who openly and without reserve forbade the measure ; affirming, that he had endured so many hardships, and encountered so many dangers, with no other view than that of being able to pass his days in his own country. Macchia-
velli, *Hist. of Flor.* b. 2.

¹ *My fault.*] Dante felt remorse for not having returned

Smitten, I added thus : " Now shalt thou say
To him there fallen, that his offspring still
Is to the living join'd ; and bid him know,
That if from answer, silent, I abstain'd,
'Twas that my thought was occupied, intent
Upon that error, which thy help hath solved."

But now my master summoning me back
I heard, and with more eager haste besought
The spirit to inform me, who with him
Partook his lot. He answered thus return'd :
" More than a thousand with me here are laid.
Within is Frederick,¹ second of that name,
And the Lord Cardinal ; ² and of the rest
I speak not." He, this said, from sight with-
drew.

But I my steps toward the ancient bard
Reverting, ruminated on the words
Betokening me such ill. Onward he moved,
And thus, in going, question'd : " Whence the
amaze

an immediate answer to the inquiry of Cavalcante, from which delay he was led to believe that his son Guido was no longer living.

¹ *Frederick.*] The Emperor Frederick the Second, who died in 1250.

² *The Lord Cardinal.*] Ottaviano Ubaldini, a Florentine, made cardinal in 1245, and deceased about 1273. On account of his great influence, he was generally known by the appellation of " the Cardinal." It is reported of him, that he declared, if there were any such thing as a human soul, he had lost his for the Ghibellini.

That holds thy senses wrapt ? ” I satisfied
The inquiry, and the sage enjoin’d me straight :
“ Let thy safe memory store what thou hast
heard

To thee importing harm ; and note thou this,”
With his raised finger bidding me take heed,
“ When thou shalt stand before her gracious
beam,¹

Whose bright eye all surveys, she of thy life
The future tenour will to thee unfold.”

Forthwith he to the left hand turn’d his feet :
We left the wall, and towards the middle space
Went by a path that to a valley strikes,
Which e’en thus high exhaled its noisome
steam.

CANTO XI

Argument.

Dante arrives at the verge of a rocky precipice which encloses the seventh circle, where he sees the sepulchre of Anastasius the Heretic ; behind the lid of which pausing a little, to make himself capable by degrees of enduring the fetid smell that steamed upward from the abyss, he is instructed by Virgil concerning the manner in which the three following circles are disposed, and what description of sinners is punished in each. He then inquires the reason why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy, suffer not their punishments within

¹ *Her gracious beam.*] Beatrice.

the city of Dis. He next asks how the crime of usury is an offence against God, and at length the two Poets go towards the place from whence a passage leads down to the seventh circle.

UPON the utmost verge of a high bank,
By craggy rocks environ'd round, we came,
Where woes beneath, more cruel yet, were
stow'd :

And here, to shun the horrible excess
Of fetid exhalation upward cast
From the profound abyss, behind the lid
Of a great monument we stood retired,
Whereon this scroll I mark'd : " I have in
charge

Pope Anastasius,¹ whom Photinus drew
From the right path."—" Ere our descent, be-
hoves

We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,
To the dire breath accustom'd, afterward
Regard it not." My master thus ; to whom
Answering I spake : " Some compensation
find,

That the time pass not wholly lost." He then :
" Lo ! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend.

¹ *Pope Anastasius.*] The commentators are not agreed concerning the person who is here mentioned as a follower of the heretical Photinus. By some he is supposed to have been Anastasius the Second ; by others, the Fourth of that name ; while a third set, jealous of the integrity of the papal faith, contend that our Poet has confounded him with Anastasius I., Emperor of the East.

My son ! ¹ within these rocks," he thus began,
" Are three close circles in gradation placed
As these which now thou leavest. Each one is
full

Of spirits accurst ; but that the sight alone
Hereafter may suffice thee, listen how
And for what cause in durance they abide.

" Of all malicious act abhorr'd in heaven,
The end is injury ; and all such end
Either by force or fraud works other's woe.
But fraud, because of man peculiar evil,
To God is more displeasing ; and beneath,
The fraudulent are therefore doomed to endure
Severer pang. The violent occupy
All the first circle ; and because, to force,
Three persons are obnoxious in three rounds,
Each within other separate, is it framed.
To God, his neighbour, and himself, by man
Force may be offer'd ; to himself I say,
And his possessions, as thou soon shalt hear
At full. Death, violent death, and painful
wounds

Upon his neighbour he inflicts ; and wastes,
By devastation, pillage, and the flames,
His substance. Slayers, and each one that
smites

¹ *My son.*] The remainder of the present Canto may be considered as a syllabus of the whole of this part of the poem.

In malice, plunderers, and all robbers, hence
The torment undergo of the first round,
In different herds. Man can do violence
To himself and his own blessings : and for this,
He, in the second round must aye deplore
With unavailing penitence his crime,
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
And sorrows ¹ there where he should dwell in
joy.

To God may force be offer'd, in the heart
Denying and blaspheming his high power,
And Nature with her kindly law contemning.
And thence the inmost round marks with its
seal

Sodom, and Cahors,² and all such as speak
Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.

“ Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a
sting,

May be by man employ'd on one, whose trust
He wins, or on another who withholds
Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way

¹ *And sorrows.*] This fine moral, that not to enjoy our being is to be ungrateful to the Author of it, is well expressed in Spenser, *F. Q. b. 4. c. viii. st. 15.* :

For he whose daies in wilful woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise.

² *Cahors.*] A city of Guienne, much frequented by usurers.

Broke but the bond of love which Nature
makes.

Whence in the second circle have their nest,
Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,
Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce
To lust, or set their honesty at pawn,
With such vile scum as these. The other way
Forgets both Nature's general love, and that
Which thereto added afterward gives birth
To special faith. Whence in the lesser circle,
Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,
The traitor is eternally consumed."

I thus : " Instructor, clearly thy discourse
Proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm
And its inhabitants with skill exact.
But tell me this : they of the dull, fat pool,
Whom the rain beats, or whom the tempest
drives,

Or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,
Wherefore within the city fire-illumed
Are not these punish'd, if God's wrath be on
them?

And if it be not, wherefore in such guise
Are they condemn'd ? " He answer thus
return'd :

" Wherefore in dotage wanders thus thy mind,
Not so accustom'd ? or what other thoughts
Possess it ? Dwell not in thy memory

The words, wherein thy ethic page ¹ describes
 Three dispositions adverse to Heaven's will,
 Incontinence, malice, and mad brutishness,
 And how incontinence the least offends
 God, and least guilt incurs ? If well thou
 note

This judgment, and remember who they are,
 Without these walls to vain repentance doom'd,
 Thou shalt discern why they apart are placed
 From these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours
 Justice divine on them its vengeance down."

" O sun ! who healest all imperfect sight,
 Thou so content'st me, when thou solvest my
 doubt,

That ignorance not less than knowledge charms.
 Yet somewhat turn thee back," I in these
 words

Continued, " where thou said'st that usury
 Offends celestial Goodness ; and this knot
 Perplex'd unravel." He thus made reply :
 " Philosophy, to an attentive ear,
 Clearly points out, not in one part alone,

¹ *Thy ethic page.*] He refers to Aristotle's *Ethics* :
 " Μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα λεκτέον, ἄλλην ποιησαμένους ἀρχὴν ὅτι τῶν
 περὶ τὰ ἥθη φευκτῶν τρία ἐστὶν εἶδη, κακία, ἀκρασία, θηριότης " *Ethic. Nicomach. lib. 7. cap. i.* " In the next place,
 entering on another division of the subject, let it be
 defined, that respecting morals there are three sorts of
 things to be avoided, malice, incontinence, and brutish
 ness."

How imitative Nature takes her course
From the celestial mind, and from its art ;
And where her laws ¹ the Stagyrte unfolds,
Not many leaves scann'd o'er observing well
Thou shalt discover, that your art on her
Obsequious follows, as the learner treads
In his instructor's step ; so that your art
Deserves the name of second in descent
From God. These two if thou recall to mind
Creation's holy book,² from the beginning
Were the right source of life and excellence
To human kind. But in another path
The usurer walks ; and Nature in herself
And in her follower thus he sets at nought,
Placing elsewhere his hope.³ But follow now
My steps on forward journey bent ; for now
The Pisces play with undulating glance
Along the horizon, and the Wain ⁴ lies all

¹ *Her laws.*] Aristotle's *Physics*.

² *Creation's holy book.*] Genesis, ii. 15 : " And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." And, Genesis, iii. 19 : " In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

³ *Placing elsewhere his hope.*] The usurer, trusting in the produce of his wealth lent out on usury, despises nature directly, because he does not avail himself of her means for maintaining or enriching himself ; and indirectly, because he does not avail himself of the means which art, the follower and imitator of nature, would afford him for the same purposes.

⁴ *The Wain.*] The constellation Bootes, or Charles's Wain.

O'er the north-west ; and onward there a space
Is our steep passage down the rocky height."

CANTO XII

Argument.

Descending by a very rugged way into the seventh circle, where the violent are punished, Dante and his leader find it guarded by the Minotaur ; whose fury being pacified by Virgil, they step downwards from crag to crag ; till, drawing near the bottom, they descry a river of blood, wherein are tormented such as have committed violence against their neighbour. At these, when they strive to emerge from the blood, a troop of Centaurs, running along the side of the river, aim their arrows ; and three of their band opposing our travellers at the foot of the steep, Virgil prevails so far, that one consents to carry them both across the stream ; and on their passage, Dante is informed by him of the course of the river, and of those that are punished therein.

THE place, where to descend the precipice
We came, was rough as Alp ; and on its verge
Such object lay, as every eye would shun.

As is that ruin, which Adice's stream ¹
On this side Trento struck, shouldering the
 wave,
Or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop ;
For from the mountain's summit, whence it
 moved
To the low level, so the headlong rock

¹ *Adice's stream.*] After a great deal having been said on the subject, it still appears very uncertain at what part of the river this fall of the mountain happened.

Is shiver'd, that some passage it might give
To him who from above would pass ; e'en such
Into the chasm was that descent : and there
At point of the disparted ridge lay stretched
The infamy of Crete,¹ detested brood
Of the feigned heifer : ² and at sight of us
It gnaw'd itself, as one with rage distract.
To him my guide exclaim'd ; " Perchance thou
deem'st

The king of Athens ³ here, who, in the world
Above, thy death contrived. Monster !
avaunt !

He comes not tutor'd by thy sister's art,⁴
But to behold your torments is he come."

Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring
Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow
Hath struck him, but unable to proceed
Plunges on either side ; so saw I plunge
The Minotaur ; whereat the sage exclaim'd :
" Run to the passage ! while he storms, 'tis well
That thou descend." Thus down our road we
took

Through those dilapidated crags that oft

¹ *The infamy of Crete.*] The Minotaur.

² *The feign'd heifer.*] Pasiphaë.

³ *The king of Athens.*) Theseus, who was enabled by the instruction of Ariadne, the sister of the Minotaur, to destroy that monster.

⁴ *Thy sister's art.*] Ariadne.

Moved underneath my feet, to weight like
theirs

Unused. I pondering went, and thus he spake :
“ Perhaps thy thoughts are of this ruin’d steep,
Guarded by the brute violence, which I
Have vanquish’d now. Know then, that when
I erst

Hither descended to the neither hell,
This rock was not yet fallen. But past doubt,
(If well I mark) not long ere He arrived,¹
Who carried off from Dis the mighty spoil
Of the highest circle, then through all its
bounds

Such trembling seized the deep concave and
foul,

I thought the universe was thrill’d with love,
Whereby, there are who deem, the world hath
oft

Been into chaos turn’d : ² and in that point,
Here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled
down.

But fix thine eyes beneath : the river of blood
Approaches, in the which all those are steep’d,

¹ *He arrived.*] Our Saviour, who, according to Dante, when he ascended from hell, carried with him the souls of the Patriarchs, and of other just men, out of the first circle. See Canto iv.

² *Been into chaos turn’d.*] This opinion is attributed to Empedocles.

Who have by violence injured." O blind lust !
O foolish wrath ! who so dost goad us on
In the brief life, and in the eternal then
Thus miserably o'erwhelm us. I beheld
An ample foss, that in a bow was bent,
As circling all the plain ; for so my guide
Had told. Between it and the rampart's base,
On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows arm'd,
As to the chase they on the earth were wont.

At seeing us descend they each one stood ;
And issuing from the troop, three sped with
bows

And missile weapons chosen first ; of whom
One cried from far : " Say, to what pain ye
come

Condemn'd, who down this steep have journey'd.
Speak

From whence ye stand, or else the bow I draw."

To whom my guide : " Our answer shall be
made

To Chiron, there, when nearer him we come,
Ill was thy mind, thus ever quick and rash."

Then me he touch'd, and spake : " Nessus is
this,

Who for the fair Deïanira died,
And wrought himself revenge ¹ for his own fate.

¹ *And wrought himself revenge.*] Nessus, when dying
by the hand of Hercules, charged Deïanira to preserve the

He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,
Is the great Chiron who Achilles nursed ;
That other, Pholus, prone to wrath." Around
The foss these go by thousands, aiming shafts
At whatsoever spirit dares emerge
From out the blood, more than his guilt allows.

We to those beasts, that rapid strode along,
Drew near ; when Chiron took an arrow forth,
And with the notch push'd back his shaggy
beard

To the cheek-bone, then, his great mouth to
view

Exposing, to his fellows thus exclaimed :

" Are ye aware, that he who comes behind
Moves what he touches ? The feet of the dead
Are not so wont." My trusty guide, who now
Stood near his breast, where the two natures
join,

Thus made reply : " He is indeed alive,
And solitary so must needs by me
Be shown the gloomy vale, thereto induced
By strict necessity, not by delight.
She left her joyful harpings in the sky,
Who this new office to my care consigned.

gore from his wound ; for that if the affections of Hercules should at any time be estranged from her, it would act as a charm, and recall them. Deianira had occasion to try the experiment ; and the venom acting, as Nessus had intended, caused Hercules to expire in torments. See the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles.

He is no robber, no dark spirit I.
But by that virtue, which empowers my step
To tread so wild a path, grant us, I pray,
One of thy band, whom we may trust secure,
Who to the ford may lead us, and convey
Across, him mounted on his back ; for he
Is not a spirit that may walk the air."

Then on his right breast turning, Chiron thus
To Nessus spake : " Return, and be their
guide.

And if ye chance to cross another troop,
Command them keep aloof." Onward we
moved,

The faithful escort by our side, along
The border of the crimson-seething flood,
Whence, from those steep'd within, loud
shrieks arose.

Some there I mark'd, as high as to their brow
Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus :
" These are the souls of tyrants, who were given
To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud
Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells
And Dionysius fell, who many a year
Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow,
Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,
Is Azzolino ; ¹ that with flaxen locks

¹ *Azzolino.*] Azzolino, or Ezzolino di Romano, a most cruel tyrant in the Marca Trivigiana, Lord of Padua, Vicen-

Obizzo ¹ of Este, in the world destroy'd
 By his foul step-son." To the bard revered
 I turn'd me round, and thus he spake ; " Let
 him
 Be to thee now first leader, me but next
 To him in rank." Then farther on a space
 The Centaur paused, near some, who at the
 throat
 Were extant from the wave ; and, showing us
 A spirit by itself apart retired,
 Exclaim'd : " He ² in God's bosom smote the
 heart,

za, Verona, and Brescia, who died in 1260. His atrocities form the subject of a Latin tragedy, called *Eccerinis*, by Albertino Mussato, of Padua, the contemporary of Dante, and the most elegant writer of Latin verse of that age.

¹ *Obizzo of Este.*] Marquis of Ferrara and of the Marca d'Ancona was murdered by his own son (whom, for that most unnatural act, Dante calls his step-son) for the sake of the treasures which his rapacity had amassed. See Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* c. iii. st. 32. He died in 1293, according to Gibbon, *Ant. of the House of Brunswick*, Posth. Works, vol. ii. 4to.

² *He.*] " Henrie, the brother of this Edmund, and son to the foresaid king of Almaine (Richard, brother of Henry III of England) as he returned from Affrike, where he had been with Prince Edward, was slain at Viterbo in Italy (whither he was come about business which he had to do with the Pope) by the hand of Guy de Montfort, the son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in revenge of the same Simon's death. The murder was committed afore the high altar, as the same Henrie kneeled there to hear divine service." A.D. 1272. Holinshed's *Chron.* p. 275. See also Giov. Villani, *Hist.* lib. 7. cap. xl., where it is said " that the heart of Henry was put into a golden cup, and placed on a pillar at London bridge over the

Which yet is honour'd on the bank of Thames."

A race I next espied who held the head,
And even all the bust, above the stream.
'Midst these I many a face remember'd well.
Thus shallow more and more the blood became,
So that at last it but imbrued the feet ;
And there our passage lay athwart the foss.

" As ever on this side the boiling wave
Thou seest diminishing," the Centaur said,
" So on the other, be thou well assured,
It lower still and lower sinks its bed,
Till in that part it re-uniting join,
Where 'tis the lot of tyranny to mourn.
There Heaven's stern justice lays chastising
hand

On Attila, who was the scourge of earth,
On Sextus and on Pyrrhus,¹ and extracts
Tears ever by the seething flood, unlock'd
From the Rinieri, of Corneto this,
Pazzo the other named,² who fill'd the ways

river Thames, for a memorial to the English of the said outrage." Lombardi suggests that " ancor si cola " in the text may mean, not that " the heart was still honoured," but that it was put into a perforated cup in order that the blood dripping from it might excite the spectators to revenge. This is surely too improbable.

¹ *On Sextus and on Pyrrhus.*] Sextus, either the son of Tarquin the Proud, or of Pompey the Great ; and Pyrrhus, king of Epirus.

² ——— *The Rinieri, of Corneto this,
Pazzo the other named.* ———]

Two noted marauders, by whose depredations the public

With violence and war." This said, he turn'd,
And quitting us, alone repass'd the ford.

CANTO XIII

Argument.

Still in the seventh circle, Dante enters its second compartment, which contains both those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods ; the first changed into rough and knotted trees whereon the harpies build their nests, the latter chased and torn by black female mastiffs. Among the former, Piero delle Vigne is one who tells him the cause of his having committed suicide, and moreover in what manner the souls are transformed into those trunks. Of the latter crew, he recognizes Lano, a Siennese, and Giacomo, a Paduan ; and lastly, a Florentine, who had hung himself from his own roof, speaks to him of the calamities of his countrymen.

ERE Nessus yet had reached the other bank,
We enter'd on a forest, where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue ; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares
deform'd
And matted thick : fruits there were none,
but thorns
Instead, with venom fill'd. Less sharp than
these,
Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide

ways in Italy were infested. The latter was of the noble family of Pazzi in Florence.

Those animals, that hate the cultured fields,
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.¹

Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the
same

Who from the Strophades ² the Trojan band
Drove with dire boding of their future woe.
Broad are their pennons, of the human form
Their neck and countenance, arm'd with talons
keen

The feet, and the huge belly fledge with wings.
These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.

The kind instructor in these words began :
" Ere farther thou proceed, know thou art now
I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come
Upon the horrid sand : look therefore well
Around thee, and such things thou shalt be-
hold,

As would my speech discredit." On all sides
I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could
see

From whom they might have issued. In
amaze

Fast bound I stood. He, as it seem'd, be-
lieved

¹ *Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.*] A wild and woody tract of country, abounding in deer, goats, and wild boars. Cecina is a river not far to the south of Leghorn ; Corneto, a small city on the same coast, in the patrimony of the Church.

² *The Strophades.*] See Virg. *Æn.* lib. 3. 210.

That I had thought so many voices came
From some amid those thickets close conceal'd,
And thus his speech resumed : " If thou lop
off

A single twig from one of those ill plants,
The thought thou hast conceived shall vanish
quite."

Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,
From a great wilding gather'd I a branch,
And straight the trunk exclaimed : " Why
pluck'st thou me ? "

Then, as the dark blood trickled down its
side,

These words it added : " Wherefore tear'st
me thus ?

Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast ?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we
been

The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,
That burning at one end from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter words and
blood.

I, letting fall the bough, remained as one
Assail'd by terror ; and the sage replied :
" If he, O injured spirit ! could have believed

What he hath seen but in my verse described,¹
 He never against thee had stretch'd his hand.
 But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,
 Prompted him to this deed, which even now
 Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast;
 That, for this wrong to do thee some amends,
 In the upper world (for thither to return
 Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."

"That pleasant word of thine,"² the trunk replied,

"Hath so inveigled me, that I from speech
 Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge
 A little longer, in the snare detain'd,
 Count it not grievous. I it was,³ who held

¹ *In my verse described.*] The commentators explain this, "If he could have believed, in consequence of my assurances alone, that of which he hath now had ocular proof, he would not have stretched forth his hand against thee." But I am of opinion that Dante makes Virgil allude to his own story of Polydorus, in the third book of the *Æneid*.

² *That pleasant word of thine.*] "Since you have inveigled me to speak by holding forth so gratifying an expectation, let it not displease you if I am as it were detained in the snare you have spread for me, so as to be somewhat prolix in my answer."

³ *I it was.*] Piero delle Vigne, a native of Capua, who from a low condition raised himself, by his eloquence and legal knowledge, to the office of Chancellor to the Emperor Frederick II; whose confidence in him was such, that his influence in the empire became unbounded. The courtiers, envious of his exalted situation, contrived, by means of forged letters, to make Frederick believe that he held a secret and traitorous intercourse with the Pope, who was then at enmity with the Emperor. In consequence of this supposed crime, he was cruelly condemned

Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the
wards,

Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,
That besides me, into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.

The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.
The harlot,¹ who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all ;
And to Augustus they so spread the flame,
That my glad honours changed to bitter woes.
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust toward myself.

By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honour ; and of you ,
If any to the world indeed return,

by his too credulous sovereign, to lose his eyes ; and being driven to despair by his unmerited calamity and disgrace, he put an end to his life by dashing out his brains against the walls of a church, in the year 1245. Both Frederick and Piero delle Vigne composed verses in the Sicilian dialect which are now extant. A canzone by each of them may be seen in the ninth book of the *Sonetti* and *Canzoni di diversi Autori Toscani*, published by the Giunti in 1527. See further the Note on *Purg.* Canto iii. 110.

¹ *The harlot.*] Envy. Chaucer alludes to this, in the Prologue to the *Legende of Good Women* :

Envie is lavender to the court alway,
For she ne parteth neither night ne day
Out of the house of Cesar : thus saith Dant.

Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies
Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."

First somewhat pausing, till the mournful
words

Were ended, then to me the bard began :

" Lose not the time ; but speak, and of him
ask,

If more thou wish to learn." Whence I re-
plied :

" Question thou him again of whatsoe'er
Will, as thou think'st, content me ; for no
power

Have I to ask, such pity is at my heart."

He thus resumed : " So may he do for thee
Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet
Be pleased, imprison'd spirit ! to declare,
How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied ;
And, whether any ever from such frame
Be loosen'd, if thou canst, that also tell."

Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the
wind soon

Changed into sounds articulate like these :

" Briefly ye shall be answer'd. When departs
The fierce soul from the body, by itself
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf
By Minos doom'd, into the wood it falls,
No place assign'd, but wheresoever chance
Hurls it ; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,

It rises to a sapling, growing thence
A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves
Then feeding, cause both pain, and for the pain
A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come
For our own spoils, yet not so that with them
We may again be clad ; for what a man
Takes from himself it is not just he have.
Here we perforce shall drag them ; and through-
out

The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."

Attentive yet to listen to the trunk
We stood, expecting further speech, when us
A noise surprised ; as when a man perceives
The wild boar and the hunt approach his place
Of station'd watch, who of the beast and boughs
Loud rustling round him hears. And lo ! there
came

Two naked, torn with briers, in headlong flight
That they before them broke each fan o'th'
wood.

" Haste now," the foremost cried, " now haste
thee, death ! "

The other, as seem'd, impatient of delay,
Exclaiming, " Lano ! ¹ not so bent for speed

¹ *Lano.*] Lano, a Siennese, who, being reduced by prodigality to a state of extreme want, found his existence no longer supportable ; and, having been sent by his

Thy sinews, in the lists of Toppo's field."
And then, for that perchance no longer breath
Sufficed him, of himself and of a bush
One group he made. Behind them was the
 wood
Full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,
As greyhounds that have newly slipp'd the leash.
On him, who squatted down, they stuck their
 fangs,
And having rent him piecemeal bore away
The tortured limbs. My guide then seized
 my hand,
And led me to the thicket, which in vain
Mourn'd through its bleeding wounds: "O
 Giacomo
Of Sant' Andrea! ¹ what avails it thee,"
It cried, "that of me thou hast made thy
 screen?
For thy ill life, what blame on me recoils?"
When o'er it he had paused, my master spake:
"Say who wast thou, that at so many points

countrymen on a military expedition to assist the Florentines against the Aretini, took that opportunity of exposing himself to certain death, in the engagement which took place at Toppo near Arezzo. See G. Villani, *Hist.* lib. 7. cap. cxix.

¹ ———O Giacomo

Of Sant' Andrea!] Jacopo da Sant' Andrea, a Paduan, who, having wasted his property in the most wanton acts of profusion, killed himself in despair.

Breathest out with blood thy lamentable
speech ? ”

He answer'd : “ O ye spirits ! arrived in time
To spy the shameful havoc that from me
My leaves hath sever'd thus, gather them up,
And at the foot of their sad parent-tree
Carefully lay them. In that city ¹ I dwelt,
Who for the Baptist her first patron changed,
Whence he for this shall cease not with his art
To work her woe : and if there still remain'd not
On Arno's passage some faint glimpse of him,
Those citizens, who rear'd once more her walls
Upon the ashes left by Attila,
Had labour'd without profit of their toil.
I slung the fatal noose ² from my own roof.”

¹ *In that city.*] “ I was an inhabitant of Florence, that city which changed her first patron Mars for St. John the Baptist ; for which reason the vengeance of the deity thus slighted will never be appeased ; and if some remains of his statue were not still visible on the bridge over the Arno, she would have been already levelled to the ground ; and thus the citizens, who raised her again from the ashes to which Attila had reduced her, would have laboured in vain.” See *Paradiso*, Canto xvi. 44. The relic of antiquity, to which the superstition of Florence attached so high an importance, was carried away by a flood, that destroyed the bridge on which it stood, in the year 1337, but without the ill effects that were apprehended from the loss of their fancied Palladium.

² *I slung the fatal noose.*] We are not informed who this suicide was ; some calling him Rocco de' Mozzi, and others Lotto degli Agli.

CANTO XIV

Argument.

They arrive at the beginning of the third of those compartments into which this seventh circle is divided. It is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished; namely, against God, against Nature, and against Art; and those who have thus sinned, are tormented by flakes of fire, which are eternally showering down upon them. Among the violent against God is found Capaneus; whose blasphemies they hear. Next, turning to the left along the forest of self-slayers, and having journeyed a little onwards, they meet with a streamlet of blood that issues from the forest and traverses the sandy plain. Here Virgil speaks to our Poet of a huge ancient statue that stands within Mount Ida in Crete, from a fissure in which statue there is a dripping of tears, from which the said streamlet, together with the three other infernal rivers, are formed.

SOON as the charity of native land
Wrought in my bosom, I the scatter'd leaves
Collected, and to him restored, who now
Was hoarse with utterance. To the limit thence
We came, which from the third the second
round

Divides, and where of justice is display'd
Contrivance horrible. Things then first seen
Clearlier to manifest, I tell how next
A plain we reach'd, that from its steril bed
Each plant repell'd. The mournful wood waves
round

Its garland on all sides, as round the wood
Spreads the sad foss. There, on the very edge,

Our steps we stay'd. It was an area wide
Of arid sand and thick, resembling most
The soil that erst by Cato's foot was trod.
Vengeance of Heaven ! Oh ! how shouldst thou
be fear'd

By all, who read what here mine eyes beheld
Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to different laws
Subjected ; for on the earth some lay supine,
Some crouching close were seated, others paced
Incessantly around ; the latter tribe
More numerous, those fewer who beneath
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.

O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.
As, in the torrid Indian clime,¹ the son
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground
Came down ; whence he bethought him with
his troop

To trample on the soil ; for easier thus
The vapour was extinguish'd, while alone :
So fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith
The marle glow'd underneath, as under stove
The viands, doubly to augment the pain.

¹ *As, in the torrid Indian clime.*] Landino refers to Albertus Magnus for the circumstance here alluded to.

Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh. I thus began :

“ Instructor ! thou who all things overcomest,
Except the hardy demons that rush’d forth
To stop our entrance at the gate, say who
Is yon huge spirit that, as seems, heeds not
The burning, but lies writhen in proud scorn,
As by the sultry tempest immatured ? ”

Straight he himself, who was aware I ask’d
My guide of him, exclaimed ; “ Such as I was
When living, dead such now I am. If Jove
Weary his workman out, from whom in ire
He snatch’d the lightnings, that at my last day
Transfix’d me ; if the rest he weary out,
At their black smithy labouring by turns,
In Mongibello, while he cries aloud,

‘ Help, help, good Mulciber ! ’ as erst he cried
In the Phlegræan warfare ; and the bolts
Launch he, full aim’d at me, with all his might ;
He never should enjoy a sweet revenge.”

Then thus my guide, in accent higher raised
Than I before had heard him : “ Capaneus !
Thou art more punish’d, in that this thy pride
Lives yet unquench’d : no torment, save thy
rage,

Were to thy fury pain proportion’d full.”

Next turning round to me, with milder lip,

He spake : " This of the seven kings was one,
Who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,
As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,
And sets his high omnipotence at naught.

But, as I told him, his despiteful mood
Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it.
Follow me now ; and look thou set not yet
Thy foot in the hot sand, but to the wood
Keep ever close." Silently on we pass'd
To where there gushes from the forest's bound
A little brook, whose crimson'd wave yet lifts
My hair with horror. As the rill, that runs
From Bulicame,¹ to be portion'd out
Among the sinful women ; so ran this
Down through the sand ; its bottom and each
bank

Stone-built, and either margin at its side,
Whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.

" Of all that I have shown thee, since that
gate

We enter'd first, whose threshold is to none
Denied, naught else so worthy of regard,
As is this river, has thine eye discern'd,

¹ *Bulicame.*] A warm medicinal spring near Viterbo, the waters of which, as Landino and Vellutello affirm passed by a place of ill-fame. Venturi, with less probability, conjectures that Dante would imply that it was the scene of much licentious merriment among those who frequented its baths.

O'er which the flaming volley all is quench'd."

So spake my guide ; and I him thence
besought,

That having given me appetite to know,
The food he too would give, that hunger craved.

" In midst of ocean," forthwith he began,

" A desolate country lies, which Crete is named ;
Under whose monarch, in old times, the world
Lived pure and chaste. A mountain rises there,
Call'd Ida, joyous once with leaves and streams,
Deserted now like a forbidden thing.

It was the spot which Rhea, Saturn's spouse,
Chose for the secret cradle of her son ;

And better to conceal him, drown'd in shouts
His infant cries. Within the mount, upright
An ancient form there stands, and huge, that
turns

His shoulders towards Damiata ; and at Rome,
As in his mirror, looks. Of finest gold

His head is shaped, pure silver are the breast
And arms, thence to the middle is of brass,
And downward all beneath well-tempered
steel,

Save the right foot of potter's clay, on which
Than on the other more erect he stands.

Each part, except the gold, is rent throughout ;
And from the fissure tears distil, which join'd
Penetrate to that cave. They in their course,

Thus far precipitated down the rock,
 Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon ;
 Then by this straiten'd channel passing hence
 Beneath, e'en to the lowest depth of all,
 Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself
 Shalt see it) I here give thee no account."

Then I to him : " If from our world this
 sluice

Be thus derived ; wherefore to us but now
 Appears it at this edge ? " He straight replied :
 " The place, thou know'st, is round ; and
 though great part

Thou have already past, still to the left
 Descending to the nethermost, not yet
 Hast thou the circuit made of the whole orb.
 Wherefore, if aught of new to us appear,
 It needs not bring up wonder in thy looks."

Then I again inquired : " Where flow the
 streams

Of Phlegethon and Lethe ? for of one
 Thou tell'st not ; and the other, of that shower,
 Thou say'st, is form'd." He answer thus re-
 turn'd :

" Doubtless thy questions all well pleased I
 hear.

Yet the red seething wave ¹ might have resolved

¹ *The red seething wave.*] This he might have known
 was Phlegethon.

One thou proposest. Lethe thou shalt see,
But not within this hollow, in the place
Whither,¹ to lave themselves, the spirits go,
Whose blame hath been by penitence removed."
He added: "Time is now we quit the wood.
Look thou my steps pursue: the margins give
Safe passage, unimpeded by the flames;
For over them all vapour is extinct."

CANTO XV

Argument.

Taking their way upon one of the mounds by which the streamlet, spoken of in the last Canto, was embanked, and having gone so far that they could no longer have discerned the forest if they had turned round to look for it, they meet a troop of spirits that come along the sand by the side of the pier. These are they who have done violence to Nature; and amongst them Dante distinguishes Brunetto Latini, who had been formerly his master; with whom, turning a little backward, he holds a discourse which occupies the remainder of this Canto.

ONE of the solid margins bears us now
Envelop'd in the mist, that, from the stream
Arising, hovers o'er, and saves from fire
Both piers and water. As the Flemings rear
Their mound, 'twixt Ghent and Bruges, to
chase back
The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide

¹ *Whither.*] On the other side of Purgatory.

That drives toward them ; or the Paduans
theirs

Along the Brenta, to defend their towns
And castles, ere the genial warmth be felt
On Chiarentana's ¹ top ; such were the mounds,
So framed, though not in height or bulk to
these

Made equal, by the master, whosoe'er
He was, that raised them here. We from the
wood

Were now so far removed, that turning round
I might not have discern'd it, when we met
A troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.

They each one eyed us, as at eventide
One eyes another under a new moon ;
And toward us sharpen'd their sight, as keen
As an old tailor at his needle's eye.

Thus narrowly explored by all the tribe,
I was agnized of one, who by the skirt
Caught me, and cried, " What wonder have we
here ? "

And I, when he to me outstretch'd his arm,
Intently fix'd my ken on his parch'd looks,
That, although smirch'd with fire they hinder'd
not

¹ *Chiarentana*.] A part of the Alps where the Brenta rises ; which river is much swollen as soon as the snow begins to dissolve on the mountains.

But I remember'd him ; and towards his face
My hand inclining, answer'd : " Ser Brunetto !¹
And are ye here ? " He thus to me : " My
son !

Oh let it not displease thee, if Brunetto
Latini but a little space with thee
Turn back, and leave his fellows to proceed."

I thus to him replied : " Much as I can,
I thereto pray thee ; and if thou be willing
That I here seat me with thee, I consent ;
His leave, with whom I journey, first obtain'd."

" O son ! " said he, " whoever of this throng
One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,
No fan to ventilate him, when the fire
Smites sorest. Pass thou therefore on. I
close

Will at thy garments walk and then rejoin
My troop, who go mourning their endless
doom."

¹ *Brunetto.*] " Ser Brunetto, a Florentine, the secretary or chancellor of the city, and Dante's preceptor, hath left us a work so little read, that both the subject of it and the language of it have been mistaken. It is in the French spoken in the reign of St. Louis, under the title of *Tresor* ; and contains a species of philosophical course of lectures divided into theory and practice, or, as he expresses it, *un enchaussement des choses divines et humaines*," etc. Sir R. Clayton's Translation of Tenhove's *Memoirs of the Medici*, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 104. The *Tresor* has never been printed in the original language. There is a fine manuscript of it in the British Museum, with an illuminated portrait of Brunetto in his study, prefixed. Mus. Brit. MSS. 17 E. 1. Tesor.

I dared not from the path descend to tread
On equal ground with him, but held my head
Bent down, as one who walks in reverent guise.

"What chance or destiny," thus he began,
"Ere the last day, conducts thee here below?
And who is this that shows to thee the way?"

"There up aloft," I answer'd, "in the life
Serene, I wander'd in a valley lost,
Before mine age ¹ had to its fulness reach'd.
But yester-morn I left it: then once more
Into that vale returning, him I met;
And by this path homeward he leads me back."

"If thou," he answer'd, "follow but thy
star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven;
Unless in fairer days my judgment err'd.
And if my fate so early had not chanced,
Seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee, I
Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.
But that ungrateful and malignant race,
Who in old times came down from Fesole,

¹ *Before mine age.*] On the whole, Vellutello's explanation of this is, I think, most satisfactory. He supposes it to mean, "before the appointed end of his life was arrived—before his days were accomplished." Lombardi, concluding that the fulness of age must be the same as "the midway of this our mortal life" (see Canto i. v. 1), understands that he had lost himself in the wood before that time, and that he then only discovered his having gone astray.

Ay and still smack of their rough mountain
flint,

Will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.
Nor wonder ; for amongst ill-savour'd crabs
It suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.
Old fame reports them in the world for blind,¹
Covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well :
Take heed thou cleanse thee of their ways.

For thee,

Thy fortune hath such honour in reserve,
That thou by either party shalt be craved
With hunger keen : but be the fresh herb far
From the goat's tooth. The herd of Fesole
May of themselves make litter, not touch the
plant,

If any such yet spring on their rank bed,
In which the holy seed revives, transmitted
From those true Romans, who still there
remain'd,

When it was made the nest of so much ill."

"Were all my wish fulfill'd," I straight
replied,

"Thou from the confines of man's nature yet
Hadst not been driven forth ; for in my mind
Is fixed, and now strikes full upon my heart,

¹ *Blind.*] It is said that the Florentines were thus called, in consequence of their having been deceived by a shallow artifice practised on them by the Pisans, in the year 1117. See G. Villani, lib. 4. cap. xxx.

The dear, benign, paternal image, such
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach
me

The way for man to win eternity :
And how I prized the lesson, it behoves,
That, long as life endures, my tongue should
speak.

What of my fate thou tell'st, that write I down ;
And, with another text ¹ to comment on,
For her I keep it, the celestial dame,
Who will know all, if I to her arrive.

This only would I have thee clearly note :
That, so my conscience have no plea against
me,

Do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared.
Not new or strange such earnest to mine
ear.

Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her
best ;

The clown his mattock ; all things have their
course."

Thereat my sapient guide upon his right
Turned himself back, then look'd at me, and
spake :

" He listens to good purpose who takes note."
I not the less still on my way proceed,

¹ *With another text.*] He refers to the prediction of *Farinata*, in *Canto x.*

Discoursing with Brunetto, and inquire
Who are most known and chief among his
tribe.

“To know of some is well ;” he thus replied,
“But of the rest silence may best beseem.

Time would not serve us for report so long.
In brief I tell thee, that all these were clerks,
Men of great learning and no less renown,
By one same sin polluted in the world.

With them is Priscian ; ¹ and Accorso’s son,
Francesco, ² herds among that wretched throng :
And, if the wish of so impure a blotch
Possess’d thee, him ³ thou also mightst have
seen,

¹ *Priscian.*] There is no reason to believe, as the commentators observe, that the grammarian of this name was stained with the vice imputed to him ; and we must therefore suppose that Dante puts the individual for the species, and implies the frequency of the crime among those who abused the opportunities which the education of youth afforded them, to so abominable a purpose.

² *Francesco.*] Accorso, a Florentine, interpreted the Roman law at Bologna, and died in 1229, at the age of 78. His authority was so great as to exceed that of all the other interpreters, so that Cino da Pistoia termed him the Idol of Advocates. His sepulchre, and that of his son Francesco here spoken of, is at Bologna, with this short epitaph : “Sepulcrum Accursii Glossatoris et Francisci ejus Filii.” See Guidi Panziroli, *De Claris Legum Interpretibus*, lib. 2. cap. xxix. Lips, 4to, 1721.

³ *Him.*] Andrea de’ Mozzi, who, that his scandalous life might be less exposed to observation, was translated either by Nicholas III or Boniface VIII from the see of Florence to that of Vicenza, through which passes the river Bacchiglione. At the latter of these places he died.

Who by the servants' servant was transferr'd
From Arno's seat to Bacchiglione, where
His ill-strain'd nerves he left. I more would
add,

But must from further speech and onward way
Alike desist ; for yonder I behold.

A mist new risen on the sandy plain.

A company, with whom I may not sort,
Approaches. I commend my *Treasure* to
Thee,¹

Wherein I yet survive ; my sole request."

This said, he turn'd, and seem'd as one of
those

Who o'er Verona's champain try their speed
For the green mantle ; and of them he seem'd,
Not he who loses but who gains the prize.

CANTO XVI

Argument,

Journeying along the pier, which crosses the sand, they are now so near the end of it as to hear the noise of the stream falling into the eighth circle, when they meet the spirits of three military men ; who judging Dante, from his dress, to be a countryman of theirs, entreat him to stop. He complies, and speaks with them. The two Poets then reach the place where the water descends, being the termination of this third compart-

¹ I commend my *Treasure* to thee.] Brunetto's great work, the *Tresor*.

ment in the seventh circle ; and here Virgil having thrown down into the hollow a cord, wherewith Dante was girt, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure come swimming up to them.

Now came I where the water's din was heard,
As down it fell into the other round,
Resounding like the hum of swarming bees :
When forth together issued from a troop,
That pass'd beneath the fierce tormenting
storm,
Three spirits, running swift. They towards us
came,
And each one cried aloud, " Oh ! do thou stay,
Whom, by the fashion of thy garb, we deem
To be some inmate of our evil land."

Ah me ! what wounds I mark'd upon their
limbs,

Recent and old, inflicted by the flames.
E'en the remembrance of them grieves me yet.

Attentive to their cry, my teacher paused,
And turn'd to me his visage, and then spake :
" Wait now : our courtesy these merit well :
And were 't not for the nature of the place,
Whence glide the fiery darts, I should have
said,

That haste had better suited thee than them."

They, when we stopp'd, resumed their
ancient wail.

And, soon as they had reach'd us, all the three

Whirl'd round together in one restless wheel.
As naked champions, smear'd with slippery
oil,

Are wont, intent, to watch their place of hold
And vantage, ere in closer strife they meet ;
Thus each one, as he wheel'd, his countenance
At me directed, so that opposite

The neck moved ever to the twinkling feet.

“ If woe of this unsound and dreary waste,”
Thus one began, “ added to our sad cheer
Thus peel'd with flame, do call forth scorn on
us

And our entreaties, let our great renown
Incline thee to inform us who thou art,
That dost imprint, with living feet unharm'd,
The soil of Hell. He, in whose track thou seest
My steps pursuing, naked though he be
And reft of all, was of more high estate
Than thou believest ; grandchild of the chaste
Gualdrada,¹ him they Guidoguerra call'd,

¹ *Gualdrada.*] Gualdrada was the daughter of Bellincione Berti, of whom mention is made in the *Paradiso*, Canto xv. and xvi. He was of the family of Ravignani, a branch of the Adimari. The Emperor Otho IV, being at a festival in Florence, where Gualdrada was present, was struck with her beauty ; and inquiring who she was, was answered by Bellincione, that she was the daughter of one who, if it was his Majesty's pleasure, would make her admit the honour of his salute. On overhearing this, she arose from her seat, and blushing, in an animated tone of voice, desired her father that he would not be so liberal.

Who in his lifetime many a noble act
Achieved, both by his wisdom and his sword.
The other, next to me that beats the sand,
Is Aldobrandi¹ name deserving well,
In the upper world, of honour ; and myself,
Who in this torment do partake with them,
Am Rusticucci,² whom, past doubt, my wife,
Of savage temper, more than aught beside
Hath to this evil brought." If from the fire
I had been shelter'd, down amidst them
straight

in his offers, for that no man should ever be allowed that freedom except him who should be her lawful husband. The Emperor was not less delighted by her resolute modesty than he had before been by the loveliness of her person ; and calling to him Guido, one of his barons, gave her to him in marriage ; at the same time raising him to the rank of a Count, and bestowing on her the whole of Casentino, and a part of the territory of Romagna, as her portion. Two sons were the offspring of this union, Guglielmo and Ruggeri ; the latter of whom was father of Guidoguerra, a man of great military skill and prowess ; who, at the head of four hundred Florentines of the Guelph party, was significantly instrumental to the victory obtained at Benevento by Charles of Anjou, over Manfredi, King of Naples, in 1265. One of the consequences of this victory was the expulsion of the Ghibellini, and the re-establishment of the Guelfi at Florence.

¹ *Aldobrandi.*] Tegghiaio Aldobrandi was of the noble family of Adimari, and much esteemed for his military talents. He endeavoured to dissuade the Florentines from the attack which they meditated against the Siennese ; and the rejection of his counsel occasioned the memorable defeat which the former sustained at Montapertoso, and the consequent banishment of the Guelfi from Florence.

² *Rusticucci.*] Giacomo Rusticucci, a Florentine, remarkable for his opulence and the generosity of his spirit.

I then had cast me ; nor my guide, I deem,
Would have restrain'd my going : but that
fear

Of the dire burning vanquish'd the desire,
Which made me eager of their wish'd embrace.

I then began : “ Not scorn, but grief much
more,

Such as long time alone can cure, your doom
Fix'd deep within me, soon as this my lord
Spake words, whose tenor taught me to
expect

That such a race, as ye are, was at hand.
I am a countryman of yours, who still
Affectionate have utter'd, and have heard
Your deeds and names renown'd. Leaving
the gall,

For the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide
Hath promised to me. But behoves, that far
As to the centre first I downward tend.”

“ So may long space thy spirit guide thy
limbs,”

He answer straight return'd ; “ and so thy
fame

Shine bright when thou art gone, as thou shalt
tell,

If courtesy and valour, as they wont,
Dwell in our city, or have vanish'd clean :
For one amidst us late condemn'd to wail,

Borsiere ¹ yonder walking with his peers,
Grieves us no little by the news he brings."

"An upstart multitude and sudden gains,
Pride and excess, O Florence! have in thee
Engender'd, so that now in tears thou
mourn'st!"

Thus cried I, with my face upraised, and
they

All three, who for an answer took my words,
Look'd at each other, as men look when truth
Comes to their ear. "If at so little cost," ²
They all at once rejoin'd, "thou satisfy
Others who question thee, O happy thou!
Gifted with words so apt to speak thy thought.
Wherefore, if thou escape this darksome clime,
Returning to behold the radiant stars,
When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the
past,

See that of us thou speak among mankind."

This said, they broke the circle, and so swift
Fled, that as pinions seem'd their nimble feet.

Not in so short a time might one have said

¹ *Borsiere.*] Guglielmo Borsiere, another Florentine, whom Boccaccio, in a story which he relates of him, terms "a man of courteous and elegant manners, and of great readiness in conversation." *Dec. Giorn. i. Nov. 8.*

² *At so little cost.*] They intimate to our poet (as Lombardi well observes) the inconveniences to which his freedom of speech was about to expose him in the future course of his life.

"Amen," as they had vanish'd. Straight my
guide

Pursued his track. I follow'd: and small
space

Had we past onward, when the water's sound
Was now so near at hand, that we had scarce
Heard one another's speech for the loud din.

E'en as the river ¹ that first holds its course
Unmingled, from the Mount of Vesulo,
On the left side of Apennine, toward
The east, which Acquacheta higher up
They call, ere it descend into the vale,
At Forli ² by that name no longer known,
Rebellow's o'er Saint Benedict, roll'd on
From the Alpine summit down a precipice,
Where space ³ enough to lodge a thousand
spreads ;

Thus downward from a craggy steep we found

¹ *E'en as the river.*] He compares the fall of Phlegethon to that of the Montone (a river in Romagna) from the Apennine above the Abbey of St. Benedict. All the other streams, that rise between the sources of the Po and the Montone, and fall from the left side of the Apennine, join the Po, and accompany it to the sea.

² *At Forli.*] Because there it loses the name of Acquacheta, and takes that of Montone.

³ *Where space.*] Either because the abbey was capable of containing more than those who occupied it, or because (says Landino) the lords of that territory, as Boccaccio related on the authority of the abbot, had intended to build a castle near the waterfall, and to collect within its walls the population of the neighbouring villages.

That this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,
So that the ear its clamour soon had stunn'd.

I had a cord ¹ that braced my girdle round,
Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to
take

The painted leopard. This when I had all
Unloosen'd from me (so my master bade)
I gather'd up, and stretch'd it forth to him.
Then to the right he turn'd, and from the brink
Standing few paces distant, cast it down
Into the deep abyss. "And somewhat strange,"
Thus to myself I spake, "signal so strange
Betokens, which my guide with earnest eye
Thus follows." Ah! what caution must men
use

With those who look not at the deed alone,

¹ *A cord.*] This passage, as it is confessed by Landino, involves a fiction sufficiently obscure. His own attempt to unravel it does not much lessen the difficulty. That which Lombardi has made is something better. It is believed that our Poet, in the earlier part of his life, had entered into the order of St. Francis. By observing the rules of that profession, he had designed to mortify his carnal appetites, or, as he expresses it, "to take the painted leopard" (that animal, which, as we have seen in a note to the first Canto, represented Pleasure) "with this cord." This part of the habit he is now desired by Virgil to take off; and it is thrown down the gulf, to allure Geryon to them with the expectation of carrying down one who had cloaked his iniquities under the garb of penitence and self mortification; and thus (to apply to Dante on this occasion the words of Milton)—

He, as Franciscan, thought to pass disguised.

But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.

“Quickly shall come,” he said, “what I expect ;

Thine eye discover quickly that, whereof
Thy thought is dreaming.” Ever to that truth,
Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,
A man, if possible, should bar his lip ;
Since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.
But silence here were vain ; and by these
notes,

Which now I sing, reader, I swear to thee,
So may they favour find to latest times !
That through the gross and murky air I spied
A shape come swimming up, that might have
quell’d

The stoutest heart with wonder ; in such guise
As one returns, who hath been down to loose
An anchor grappled fast against some rock,
Or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,
Who, upward springing, close draws in his feet.

CANTO XVII

Argument.

The monster Geryon is described ; to whom while Virgil is speaking in order that he may carry them both down to the next circle, Dante, by permission, goes a little farther along the edge of the void, to descry

the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely, those who have done violence to Art ; and then returning to his master, they both descend, seated on the back of Geryon.

“ Lo ! the fell monster ¹ with the deadly sting,
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced
walls

And firm embattled spears, and with his filth
Taints all the world.” Thus me my guide
address’d,

And beckon’d him, that he should come to
shore,

Near to the stony causeway’s utmost edge.

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear’d,
His head and upper part exposed on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
His face the semblance of a just man’s wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer ;
The rest was serpent all : two shaggy claws
Reach’d to the arm pits ; and the back and
breast.

And either side, were painted o’er with nodes
And orbits. Colours variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e’er on cloth of state
With interchangeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o’er her curious loom.
As oft-times a light skiff, moor’d to the shore,

¹ *The fell monster.*] Fraud.

Stands part in water, part upon the land ;
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,
The beaver settles, watching for his prey ;
So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void
Glancing, his tail upturn'd its venomous fork,
With sting like scorpion's arm'd. Then thus
my guide :

“ Now need our way must turn few steps
apart,
Far as to that ill beast, who couches there.”

Thereat, toward the right our downward
course

We shaped, and, better to escape the flame
And burning marle, ten paces on the verge
Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,
A little farther on mine eye beholds
A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand
Near to the void. Forthwith my master
spake :

“ That to the full thy knowledge may extend
Of all this round contains, go now, and mark
The mien these wear ; but hold not long dis-
course.

Till thou returnest, I with him meantime
Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe
The aid of his strong shoulders.” Thus alone,
Yet forward on the extremity I paced

Of that seventh circle, where the mournful
tribe

Were seated. At the eyes forth gush'd their
pangs.

Against the vapours and the torrid soil
Alternately their shifting hands they plied.
Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.

Noting the visages of some, who lay
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
One of them all I knew not ; but perceived,
That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch ¹
With colours and with emblems various mark'd,
On which it seem'd as if their eye did feed.
And when, amongst them, looking round I
came,

A yellow purse ² I saw with azure wrought,
That wore a lion's countenance and port.
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,
Another ³ I beheld, than blood more red,

¹ *A pouch.*] A purse, whereon the armorial bearings of each were emblazoned. According to Landino, our Poet implies that the usurer can pretend to no other honour than such as he derives from his purse and his family. The description of persons by their heraldic insignia is remarkable both on the present and several other occasions in this poem.

² *A yellow purse.*] The arms of the Gianfigliuzzi of Florence.

³ *Another.*] Those of the Ubbriachi, another Florentine family of high distinction.

A goose display of whiter wing than curd.
And one, who bore a fat and azure swine ¹
Pictured on his white scrip, address'd me thus :
" What dost thou in this deep ? Go now and
 know,

Since yet thou livest, that my neighbour here
Vitaliano ² on my left shall sit.

A Paduan with these Florentines am I.

Oft-times they thunder in mine ears, exclaim-
 ing,

' Oh ! haste that noble knight, ³ he who the
 pouch

' With the three goats will bring.' " This said,
 he writhed

The mouth, and loll'd the tongue out, like an ox
That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay
He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,
Backward my steps from those sad spirits
 turn'd.

My guide already seated on the haunch
Of the fierce animal I found ; and thus
He me encouraged. " Be thou stout : be
 bold.

Down such a steep flight must we now descend.

¹ *A fat and azure swine.*] The arms of the Scrovigni, a noble family of Padua.

² *Vitaliano.*] Vitaliano del Dente, a Paduan.

³ *That noble knight.*] Giovanni Bujamonti, a Florentine usurer, the most infamous of this time.

Mount thou before : for, that no power the tail
May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."

As one ¹ who hath an ague fit so near,
His nails already are turn'd blue, and he
Quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade ;
Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.
But shame soon interposed her threat, who
makes

The servant bold in presence of his lord.

I settled me upon those shoulders huge,
And would have said, but that the words to aid
My purpose came not, " Look thou clasp me
firm."

But he whose succour then not first I proved,
Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,
Embracing, held me up ; and thus he spake :
" Geryon ! now move thee : be thy wheeling
gyres

Of ample circuit, easy thy descent.

Think on the unusual burden thou sustain'st."

As a small vessel, backening out from land.
Her station quits ; so thence the monster
loosed,
And, when he felt himself at large, turn'd
round

¹ *As one.*] Dante trembled with fear, like a man who, expecting the return of a quartan ague, shakes even at the sight of a place made cool by the shade.

There, where the breast had been, his forked
tail.

Thus, like an eel, outstretch'd at length he
steer'd,

Gathering the air up with retractile claws.

Not greater was the dread, when Phaëton
The reins let drop at random, whence high
heaven,

Whereof signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames ;
Nor when ill-fated Icarus perceived.

By liquefaction of the scalded wax,
The trusted pennons loosen'd from his loins,
His sire exclaiming loud, " Ill way thou
keep'st,"

Than was my dread, when round me on each
part

The air I view, and other object none
Save the fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels
His downward motion, unobserved of me,
But that the wind, arising to my face,
Breathes on me from below. Now on our
right

I heard the cataract beneath us leap
With hideous crash ; whence bending down
to explore,

New terror I conceived at the steep plunge ;
For flames I saw, and wailings smote mine
ear :

So that, all trembling, close I crouch'd my limbs,
 And then distinguish'd, unperceived before
 By the dread torments that on every side
 Drew nearer, how our downward course we
 wound.

As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,
 But lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair
 The falconer cries, " Ah me ! thou stoop'st to
 earth,"

Wearied descends, whence nimbly he rose
 In many an airy wheel, and lighting sits
 At distance from his lord in angry mood ;
 So Geryon lighting places us on foot
 Low down at base of the deep furrow'd rock,
 And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith
 Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.

CANTO XVIII

Argument.

The Poet describes the situation and form of the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs, which contain as many different descriptions of fraudulent sinners ; but in the present Canto he treats only of two sorts ; the first is of those who, either for their own pleasure, or for that of another, have seduced any woman from her duty ; and these are scourged of demons in the first gulf : the other sort is of flatterers, who in the second gulf are condemned to remain immersed in filth.

THERE is a place within the depths of hell

Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark stain'd
With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
That round it circling winds. Right in the
midst

Of that abominable region yawns
A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame
Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,
Throughout its round, between the gulf and
base

Of the high craggy banks, successive forms
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised.

As where, to guard the walls, full many a foss
Begirds some stately castle, sure defence
Affording to the space within ; so here
Were model'd these : and as like fortresses,
E'en from their threshold to the brink without,
Are flank'd with bridges ; from the rock's low
base

Thus flinty paths advanced, that 'cross the
moles

And dikes struck onward far as to the gulf,
That in one bound collected cuts them off.

Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves
From Geryon's back dislodged. The bard to
left

Held on his way, and I behind him moved.

On our right hand new misery I saw,
New pains, new executioners of wrath,

That swarming peopled the first chasm. Below
Were naked sinners. Hitherward they came,
Meeting our faces, from the middle point ;
With us beyond,¹ but with a larger stride.
E'en thus the Romans,² when the year returns
Of Jubilee, with better speed to rid
The thronging multitudes, their means devise
For such as pass the bridge ; that on one side
All front toward the castle, and approach
Saint Peter's fane, on the other towards the
mount.

Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,
Horn'd demons I beheld, with lashes huge,
That on their back unmercifully smote.
Ah ! how they made them bound at the first
stripe !

None for the second waited, nor the third.

Meantime, as on I pass'd, one met my sight,

¹ *With us beyond.*] Beyond the middle point they tended the same way with us, but their pace was quicker than ours.

² *E'en thus the Romans.*] In the year 1300, Pope Boniface VIII, to remedy the inconvenience occasioned by the press of people who were passing over the bridge of St. Angelo during the time of the Jubilee, caused it to be divided lengthwise by a partition ; and ordered, that all those who were going to St. Peter's should keep one side, and those returning the other. G. Villani, who was present, describes the order that was preserved, lib. 8. cap. xxxvi. It was at this time, and on this occasion, as the honest historian tells us, that he first conceived the design of " compiling his book."

Whom soon as view'd, "Of him," cried I,
 "not yet

Mine eye hath had his fill." I therefore stay'd
 My feet to scan him, and the teacher kind
 Paused with me, and consented I should walk
 Backward a space ; and the tormented spirit,
 Who thought to hide him, bent his visage
 down.

But it avail'd him naught ; for I exclaim'd :
 "Thou who dost cast thine eye upon the
 ground,

Unless thy features do belie thee much,
 Venedico ¹ art thou. But what brings thee
 Into this bitter seasoning ? " ² He replied :
 "Unwillingly I answer to thy words.
 But thy clear speech, that to my mind recalls
 The world I once inhabited, constrains me.
 Know then 't was I who led fair Ghisola
 To do the Marquis' will, however fame
 The shameful tale have bruited. Nor alone,
 Bologna hither sendeth me to mourn.
 Rather with us the place is so o'erthrong'd

¹ *Venedico*.] Venedico Caccianimico, a Bolognese, who prevailed on his sister Ghisola to prostitute herself to Obizzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, whom we have seen among the tyrants, Canto xii.

² *Seasoning*.] Salse. Monti, in his *Proposta*, following Benvenuto da Imola, takes this to be the name of a place. If so, a play must have been intended on the word, which cannot be preserved in English.

That not so many tongues this day are
taught,

Betwixt the Reno and Savena's stream,
To answer *Sipa*¹ in their country's phrase.
And if of that securer proof thou need,
Remember but our craving thirst for gold."

Him speaking thus, a demon with his thong
Struck and exclaim'd, "Away, corrupter!
here

Women are none for sale." Forthwith I join'd
My escort, and few paces thence we came
To where a rock forth issued from the bank.
That easily ascended, to the right
Upon its splinter turning, we depart
From those eternal barriers. When arrived
Where, underneath, the gaping arch lets pass
The scourged souls: "Pause here," the
teacher said,

"And let these others miserable now
Strike on thy ken; faces not yet beheld,
For that together they with us have walk'd."

From the old bridge we eyed the pack, who
came
From the other side toward us, like the rest,

¹ *To answer Sipas.*] He denotes Bologna by its situation between the rivers Savena to the east, and Reno to the west of that city; and by a peculiarity of dialect, the use of the affirmative *sipa* instead either of *si*, or, as Monti will have it, of *sia*,

Excoriate from the lash. My gentle guide,
 By me unquestion'd, thus his speech resumed :
 " Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,
 And seems too woe-begone to drop a tear.
 How yet the regal aspect he retains !
 Jason is he, whose skill and prowess won
 The ram from Colchos. To the Lemnian isle
 His passage thither led him, when those bold
 And pitiless women had slain all their males.
 There he with tokens and fair witching words
 Hypsipyle ¹ beguiled, a virgin young,
 Who first had all the rest herself beguiled.
 Impregnated, he left her there forlorn.
 Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.
 Here too Medea's injuries are avenged.
 All bear him company, who like deceit
 To his have practised. And thus much to
 know
 Of the first vale suffice thee, and of those
 Whom its keen torments urge." Now had we
 come.
 Where, crossing the next pier, the straiten'd
 path
 Bestrides its shoulders to another arch.

¹ *Hypsipyle*.] See Apollonius Rhodius, lib. 1. and Valerius Flaccus, lib. 2. Hypsiyle deceived the other women, by concealing her father Thoas, when they had agreed to put all their males to death.

Hence, in the second chasm we heard the
ghosts,
Who gibber in low melancholy sounds,
With wide-stretch'd nostrils snort, and on them-
selves
Smite with their palms. Upon the banks a
scurf,
From the foul steam condensed, encrusting
hung,
That held sharp combat with the sight and
smell.

So hollow is the depth, that from no part,
Save on the summit of the rocky span,
Could I distinguish aught. Thus far we came ;
And thence I saw, within the foss below,
A crown immersed in ordure, that appear'd
Druff of the human body. There beneath
Searching with eye inquisitive, I mark'd
One with his head so grimed, 'twere hard to
deem

If he were clerk or layman. Loud he cried :
“ Why greedily thus bendest more on me,
Than on these other filthy ones, thy ken ? ”

“ Because, if true my memory,” I replied,
“ I heretofore have seen thee with dry locks ;
And thou Alessio ¹ art, of Lucca sprung.

¹ *Alessio*.] Alessio, of an ancient and considerable family in Lucca, called the Intermini.

Therefore than all the rest I scan thee more."

Then beating on his brain, these words he spake :

" Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk,
Wherewith I ne'er enough could glut my tongue."

My leader thus : " A little farther stretch .
Thy face, that thou the visage well mayst note
Of that besotted, sluttish courtezan,
Who there doth rend her with defiled nails,
Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.
Thais is this, the harlot, whose false lip
Answer'd her doting paramour that ask'd,
' Thankest me much.'—' Say rather, wondrously ? '
And seeing this, here satiate be our view."

CANTO XIX

Argument.

They come to the third gulf, wherein are punished those who have been guilty of simony. These are fixed with the head downwards in certain apertures, so that no more of them than the legs appears without, and on the soles of their feet are seen burning flames. Dante is taken down by his guide into the bottom of the gulf ; and there finds Pope Nicholas the Fifth, whose evil deeds, together with those of other pontiffs, are bitterly represented. Virgil then carries him up again to the arch, which affords them a passage over the following gulf.

WOE to thee, Simon Magus ! woe to you,

His wretched followers ! who the things of
God,

Which should be wedded unto goodness, them,
Rapacious as ye are, do prostitute
For gold and silver in adultery.

Now must the trumpet sound for you, since
yours

Is the third chasm. Upon the following vault
We now had mounted, where the rock impends
Directly o'er the centre of the foss.

Wisdom Supreme ! how wonderful the art,
Which thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth,
And in the evil world, how just a meed
Allotting by thy virtue unto all.

I saw the livid stone, throughout the sides
And in its bottom full of apertures,
All equal in their width, and circular each.
Nor ample less nor larger they appear'd
Than, in Saint John's fair dome¹ of me beloved,
Those framed to hold the pure baptismal
streams,

One of the which I brake, some few years past,
To save a whelming infant : and be this

¹ *Saint John's fair dome.*] The apertures in the rock were of the same dimensions as the fonts of St. John the Baptist at Florence ; one of which, Dante says, he had broken, to rescue a child that was playing near and fell in. He intimates that the motive of his breaking the font had been maliciously represented by his enemies.

A seal to undeceive whoever doubts
The motive of my deed. From out the mouth
Of every one emerged a sinner's feet,
And of the legs high upward as the calf.
The rest beneath was hid. On either foot
The soles were burning; whence the flexile
 joints

Glanced with such violent motion, as had snapt
Asunder cords or twisted withs. As flame,
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves;
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames.

"Master! say who is he, than all the rest
Glancing in fiercer agony, on whom
A ruddier flame doth prey?" I thus inquired.

"If thou be willing," he replied, "that I
Carry thee down, where least the slope bank
 falls,

He of himself shall tell thee, and his wrongs." 39

I then: "As pleases thee, to me is best.
Thou art my lord; and know'st that ne'er I
 quit
Thy will: what silence hides, that knowest
 thou."

Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we
 turn'd,
And on our left descended to the depth,
A narrow strait, and, perforated close.

Nor from his side my leader set me down,
 Till to his orifice he brought, whose limb
 Quivering express'd his pang. "Whoe'er thou ^u
 art,

Sad Spirit ! thus reversed, and as a stake
 Driven in the soil," I in these words began ;
 " If thou be able, utter forth thy voice."

There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive
 A wretch for murder doom'd, who, e'en when
 fix'd,

Calleth him back, whence death awhile delays.

He shouted : " Ha ! already standest there ?
 Already standest there, O Boniface ! ¹

By many a year the writing play'd me false.
 So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,
 For which thou fearest not in guile ² to take
 The lovely lady, and then mangle her ? "

I felt as those who, piercing not the drift
 Of answer made them, stand as if exposed
 In mockery, nor know what to reply ;
 When Virgil thus admonish'd : " Tell him
 quick,

' I am not he, not he whom thou believest."

¹ *O Boniface !*] The spirit mistakes, Dante for Boniface VIII, who was then alive ; and who he did not expect would have arrived so soon, in consequence, as it should seem, of a prophecy, which predicted the death of that pope at a later period. Boniface died in 1303.

² *In guile.*] "Thou didst presume to arrive by fraudulent means at the papal power, and afterwards to abuse it."

And I, as was enjoin'd me, straight replied.
That heard, the spirit all did wrench his
feet,

And, sighing, next in woeful accent spake :
" What then of me requirest ? If to know
So much imports thee, who I am, that thou
Hast therefore down the bank descended, learn
That in the mighty mantle I was robed, ¹
And of a she-bear was indeed the son,
So eager to advance my whelps, that there
My having in my purse above I stow'd,
And here myself. Under my head are dragg'd
The rest, my predecessors in the guilt
Of simony. Stretch'd at their length, they lie
Along an opening in the rock. 'Midst them
I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,
For whom I took thee, when so hastily
I question'd. But already longer time
Hath past, since my soles kindled, and I thus
Upturn'd have stood, than is his doom to
stand

Planted with fiery feet. For after him,
One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive,
From forth the west, a shepherd without law, ²

¹ *In the mighty mantle I was robed.*] Nicholas III of the Orsini family, whom the Poet therefore calls "figliuol dell' orsa," "son of the she-bear." He died in 1281.

² *From forth the west, a shepherd without law.*] Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, who succeeded to the

Fated to cover both his form and mine.
 He a new Jason ¹ shall be call'd, of whom
 In Maccabees we read ; and favour such
 As to that priest his king indulgent show'd,
 Shall be of France's monarch ² shown to him."

I know not if I here too far presumed,
 But in this strain I answer'd : " Tell me now,
 What treasures from Saint Peter at the first
 Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys
 Into his charge ? Surely he ask'd no more
 But ' Follow me ! ' Nor Peter, ³ nor the rest,
 Or gold or silver of Matthias took,
 When lots were cast upon the forfeit place
 Of the condemned soul. ⁴ Abide thou then ;
 Thy punishment of right is merited :
 And look thou well to that ill-gotten coin,
 Which against Charles ⁵ thy hardihood in-
 spired.

pontificate in 1305, and assumed the title of Clement V. He transferred the holy see to Avignon in 1308 (where it remained till 1376), and died in 1314.

¹ *A new Jason.*] " But after the death of Seleucus, when Antiochus, called Epiphanes, took the kingdom, Jason, the brother of Onias, laboured underhand to be high priest, promising unto the king, by intercession, three hundred and threescore talents of silver, and of another revenue eighty talents." 2 Maccab. iv. 7, 8.

² *Of France's monarch.*] Philip IV of France.

³ *Nor Peter.*] Acts of the Apostles, i. 26.

⁴ *The condemned soul.*] Judas.

⁵ *Against Charles.*] Nicholas III was enraged against Charles I. King of Sicily, because he rejected with scorn

If reverence of the keys restrain'd me not,
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet
Severer speech might use. Your avarice
O'ercasts the world with mourning, under foot
Treading the good, and raising bad men up.
Of shepherds like to you, the Evangelist ¹
Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,
With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld ;
She who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,
And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.
Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
Differing wherein from the idolater,

But that he worships one, a hundred ye ?
Ah, Constantine ! ² to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gain'd from
thee."

Meanwhile, as thus I sung, he, whether wrath
Or conscience smote him, violent upsprang
Spinning on either sole. I do believe
My teacher well was pleased, with so composed
A lip he listen'd ever to the sound

a proposition made by that pope for an alliance between their families. See G. Villani, *Hist.* lib. 7. cap. liv.

¹ *The Evangelist.*] Revelation, xvii. 1, 2, 3.

² *Ah, Constantine !*] He alludes to the pretended gift of the Lateran by Constantine to Sylvester, of which Dante himself seems to imply a doubt, in his treatise *De Monarchiâ*.

Of the true words I utter'd. In both arms
He caught, and, to his bosom lifting me,
Upward retraced the way of his descent.

Nor weary of his weight, he press'd me close,
Till to the summit of the rock we came,
Our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.
His cherish'd burden there gently he placed
Upon the rugged rock and steep, a path
Not easy for the clambering goat to mount.

Thence to my view another vale appear'd.

CANTO XX

Argument.

The Poet relates the punishment of such as presumed, while living, to predict future events. It is to have their faces reversed and set the contrary way on their limbs, so that, being deprived of the power to see before them, they are constrained ever to walk backwards. Among these Virgil points out to him Amphiaraus, Tiresias, Aruns, and Manto (from the mention of whom he takes occasion to speak of the origin of Mantua), together with several others, who had practised the arts of divination and astrology.

AND now the verse proceeds to torments new,
Fit argument of this the twentieth strain
Of the first song, whose awful theme records
The spirits whelm'd in woe. Earnest I look'd
Into the depth, that open'd to my view,
Moisten'd with tears of anguish, and beheld
A tribe, that came along the hollow vale,
In silence weeping : such their step as walk

Quires, chanting solemn litanies, on earth.

As on them more direct mine eye descends,
Each wondrously seem'd to be reversed
At the neck-bone, so that the countenance
Was from the reins averted ; and because
None might before him look, they were com-
pell'd

To advance with backward gait. Thus one per-
haps

Hath been by force of palsy clean transposed,
But I ne'er saw it nor believe it so.

Now, reader ! think within thyself, so God
Fruit of thy reading give thee ! how I long
Could keep my visage dry, when I beheld
Near me our form distorted in such guise,
That on the hinder parts fallen from the face
The tears down-streaming roll'd. Against a rock
I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaim'd :
“ What, and art thou, too, witless as the rest ?
Here pity most doth show herself alive,
When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,
Who with Heaven's judgment in his passion
strives ?

Raise up thy head, raise up, and see the man
Before whose eyes ¹ earth gaped in Thebes,
when all

¹ *Before whose eyes.*] Amphiaraüs, one of the seven

Cried out 'Amphiaraius, whither rushest ?
Why leavest thou the war ?' He not the less
Fell ruining far as to Minos down,
Whose grapple none eludes. Lo ! how he
makes

The breast his shoulders ; and who once too far
Before him wish'd to see, now backward looks,
And treads reverse his path. Tiresias note,
Who semblance changed, when woman he be-
came

Of male, through every limb transform'd ; and
then,

Once more behoved him with his rod to strike
The two entwining serpents, ere the plumes,
That mark'd the better sex, might shoot again.

" Aruns, ¹ with rere his belly facing, comes.
On Luni's mountains 'midst the marbles white,
Where delves Carrara's hind, who wons be-
neath,

A cavern was his dwelling, whence the stars
And main-sea wide in boundless view he held.

" The next, whose loosen'd tresses over-
spread

kings who besieged Thebes. He is said to have been
swallowed up by an opening of the earth.

¹ *Aruns.*] Aruns is said to have dwelt in the mountains
of Luni (from whence that territory is still called Luni-
giana), above Carrara, celebrated for its marble. Lucan,
Phars. lib. 1. 575.

Her bosom, which thou seest not (for each hair
On that side grows) was Manto,¹ she who
search'd

Through many regions, and at length her seat
Fix'd in my native land : whence a short space
My words detain thy audience. When her sire
From life departed, and in servitude
The city dedicate to Bacchus mourn'd,
Long time she went a wanderer through the
world.

Aloft in Italy's delightful land
A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp
That o'er the Tryol locks Germania in,
Its name Benacus, from whose ample breast
A thousand springs, methinks, and more, be-
tween

Camonica ² and Garda, issuing forth,

¹ *Manto.*] The daughter of Tiresias of Thebes, a city dedicated to Bacchus. From Manto, Mantua, the country of Virgil, derives its name. The Poet proceeds to describe the situation of that place. But see the note to *Purgatorio*, Canto xxii. v. 112.

² *Camonica.*] Lombardi, instead of
Fra Garda e val Camonica e Apennino,
reads

Fra Garda e val Camonica Pennino,
from the Nidobeatina edition (to which he might have added that of Vellutello in 1544), and two MSS., all of which omit the second conjunction, the only part of the alteration that affects the sense. I have re-translated the passage, which in the former editions stood thus :

——— which a thousand rills
Methinks, and more, water between the vale

Water the Apennine. There is a spot ¹
At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him
Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each
Passing that way his benediction give.

A garrison of goodly site and strong
Peschiera ² stands, to awe with front opposed
The Bergamese and Brescian, whence the shore
More slope each way descends. There, what-
soe'er

Benacus' bosom holds not, tumbling o'er
Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath
Through the green pastures. Soon as in its
course

The stream makes head, Benacus then no more
They call the name, but Mincius, till at last
Reaching Governo, into Po he falls.

Not far his course hath run, when a wide flat
It finds, which overstretching as a marsh

Camonica and Garda, and the height
Of Apennine remote.

It should be added, that Vellutello reads "Valdimonica" for "Val Camonica;" but which of these is right remains to be determined by a collation of editions and MSS., and still more perhaps by a view of the country in the neighbourhood of the lake (now called the Lago di Garda,) with a reference to this passage.

¹ *There is a spot.*] Prato di Fame, where the dioceses of Trento, Verona, and Brescia meet.

² *Peschiera.*] A garrison situated to the south of the lake, where it empties itself and forms the Mincius.

It covers, pestilent in summer oft.
Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw
Midst of the fen a territory waste
And naked of inhabitants. To shun
All human converse, here she with her slaves,
Plying her arts, remain'd, and lived, and left
Her body tenantless. Thenceforth the tribes
Who round were scatter'd, gathering to that
place,
Assembled; for its strength was great, enclosed
On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones
They rear'd themselves a city, for her sake
Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,
Nor ask'd another omen for the name;
Wherein more numerous the people dwelt,
Ere Casalodi's madness ¹ by deceit
Was wrong'd of Pinamonte. If thou hear
Henceforth another origin ² assign'd

¹ *Casalodi's madness.*] Alberto da Casalodi, who had got possession of Mantua, was persuaded, by Pinamonte Buonacossi, that he might ingratiate himself with the people, by banishing to their own castles the nobles, who were obnoxious to them. No sooner was this done, than Pinamonte put himself at the head of the populace, drove out Casalodi and his adherents, and obtained the sovereignty for himself.

² *Another origin.*] Lombardi refers to Servius on the Tenth Book of the *Æneid*. Alii a Tarchone Tyrrheni fratre conditam dicunt Mantuam autem ideo nominatam quia Etrusca lingua Mantum ditem patrem apellant.

Of that my country, I forewarn thee now,
That falsehood none beguile thee of the
truth."

I answer'd, " Teacher, I conclude thy words
So certain, that all else shall be to me
As embers lacking life. But now of these,
Who here proceed, instruct me, if thou see
Any that merit more especial note.
For thereon is my mind alone intent."

He straight replied: " That spirit, from
whose cheek
The beard sweeps o'er his shoulders brown,
what time

Græcia was emptied of her males, that scarce
The cradles were supplied, the seer was he
In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign
When first to cut the cable. Him they named
Eurypilus: so sings my tragic strain,
In which majestic measure well thou know'st,
Who know'st it all. That other, round the
loins

So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,¹
Practised in every slight of magic wile.

¹ *Michael Scot.*] " Egli non ha ancora guari, che in questa città fu un gran maestro in negromanzia, il quale ebbe nome Michele Scotto, perciò che di Scozia era." Boccaccio, *Dec.* Giorn. viii. Nov. 9. " It is not long since there was in this city (Florence) a great master in necromancy, who was called Michele Scotto, because he was from Scotland."

" Guido Bonatti ¹ see : Asdente ² mark,
Who now were willing he had tended still
The thread and cordwain, and too late repents.

" See next the wretches, who the needle left,
The shuttle and the spindle, and became
Diviners : baneful witcheries they wrought
With images and herbs. But onward now :
For now doth Cain with fork of thorns ³ confine
On either hemisphere, touching the wave
Beneath the towers of Seville. Yesternight
The moon was round. Thou mayst remember
well :

¹ *Guido Bonatti.*] An astrologer of Forli, on whose skill Guido da Montefeltro, lord of that place, so much relied, that he is reported never to have gone into battle, except in the hour recommended to him as fortunate by Bonatti. Landino and Vellutello speak of a book which he composed on the subject of his art. Macchiavelli mentions him in the *History of Florence*, lib. i. p. 24, ed. 1550. " He flourished about 1230 and 1260. Though a learned astronomer, he was seduced by astrology, through which he was greatly in favour with many princes of that time. His many works are miserably spoiled by it." Bettinelli, *Risorgimento d'Italia*, t. i. p. 118, 8vo, 1786.

² *Asdente.*] A shoemaker at Parma, who deserted his business to practise the arts of divination. How much this man had attracted the public notice appears from a passage in our author's *Convito*, p. 179, where it is said, in speaking of the derivation of the word " noble," that " if those who were best known were accounted the most noble, Asdente, the shoemaker of Parma, would be more noble than any one in that city."

³ *Cain with fork of thorns.*] By Cain and the thorns, or what is still vulgarly called the Man in the Moon, the Poet denotes that luminary. The same superstition is alluded to in the *Paradiso*, Canto ii. 52.

For she good service did thee in the gloom
Of the deep wood." This said, both onward
moved.

CANTO XXI

Argument.

Still in the eighth circle, which bears the name of Malebolge, they look down from the bridge that passes over its fifth gulf, upon the barterers, or public peculators. These are plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, guarded by Demons, to whom Virgil, leaving Dante apart, presents himself; and license being obtained to pass onward, both pursue their way.

THUS we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,
The which my drama cares not to rehearse,
Pass'd on; and to the summit reaching, stood
To view another gap, within the round
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.

Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.

In the Venetians' arsenal as boils
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to
smear

Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time
Seafaring men restrains, and in that while
His bark one builds anew, another stops
The ribs of his that hath made many a voyage,
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop,
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,
The mizen one repairs, and mainsail rent;

So, not by force of fire but art divine,
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round
Lined all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein naught distinguish'd, save the
 bubbles

Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall. While there
I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my
 guide

Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the
 place

Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself, as one
Impatient to behold that which beheld
He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,
That he his flight delays not for the view.
Behind me I discern'd a devil black,
That running up advanced along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread.
His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp,
Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.

"Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen talon'd
 fiends!

Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders.¹ Him

¹ *One of Santa Zita's elders.*] The elders or chief magistrates of Lucca, where Santa Zita was held in especial

Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.
That land hath store of such. All men are
there,

Except Bontura, barterers : ¹ of ' no '
For lucre there an ' ay ' is quickly made."

Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he
turn'd ;

Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
Sped with like eager haste. The other sank,
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge
Cried, " Here the hallow'd visage ² saves not :
here

Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave, ³
Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch."

This said,

They grappled him with more than hundred
hooks,

And shouted : " Cover'd thou must sport thee
here ;

veneration. The name of this sinner is supposed to have been Martino Bottaio.

¹ *Except Bonturo, barterers.*] This is said ironically of Bonturo de' Dati. By *barterers* are meant peculators, of every description ; all who traffic the interests of the public for their own private advantage.

² *The hallow'd visage.*] A representation of the head of our Saviour worshipped at Lucca.

³ *Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave.*] Serchio is the river that flows by Lucca.

So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch.”
E’en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down
With flesh hooks, that it float not on the top.

Me then my guide bespake: “Lest they
descry
That thou art here, behind a craggy rock
Bend low and skreen thee: and whate’er of
force

Be offer’d me, or insult fear thou not;
For I am well advised, who have been erst
In the like fray.” Beyond the bridge’s head
Therewith he pass’d; and reaching the sixth
pier,

Behoved him then a forehead terror-proof.

With storm and fury, as when dogs rush
forth

Upon the poor man’s back, who suddenly
From whence he standeth makes his suit; so
rush’d

Those from beneath the arch, and against him
Their weapons all they pointed. He aloud:
“Be none of you outrageous: ere your tine
Dare seize me, come forth from amongst you
one,

Who having heard my words, decide he then
If he shall tear these limbs.” They shouted
loud,

“Go, Malacoda !” Whereat one advanced,
The others standing firm, and as he came,
“What may this turn avail him ?” he ex-
claimed

“Believest thou, Malacoda ! I had come
Thus far from all your skirmishing secure,”
My teacher answer’d, “without will divine
And destiny propitious ? Pass we then ;
For so Heaven’s pleasure is, that I should lead
Another through this savage wilderness.”

Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop
The instrument of torture at his feet,
And to the rest exclaim’d : “We have no
power
To strike him.” Then to me my guide : “O
thou !

Who on the bridge among the crags dost sit
Low crouching, safely now to me return.”

I rose, and towards him moved with speed ;
the fiends
Meantime all forward drew ; me terror seized,
Lest they should break the compact they had
made.

Thus issuing from Caprona,¹ once I saw
Th’ infantry, dreading lest his covenant

¹ *From Caprona.*] The surrender of the castle of Caprona to the combined forces of Florence and Lucca, on condition that the garrison should march out in safety, to which event Dante was a witness, took place in 1290.

The foe should break ; so close he hemm'd
them round.

I to my leader's side adhered, mine eyes
With fixt and motionless observance bent
On their unkindly visage. They their hooks
Protruding, one the other thus bespake :
" Wilt thou I touch him on the hip ? " To
whom
Was answer'd : " Even so ; nor miss thy
aim."

But he, who was in conference with my guide
Turn'd rapid round ; and thus the demon
spake :

" Stay, stay thee, Scarmiglione ! " Then to us
He added : " Further footing to your step
This rock affords not, shiver'd to the base
Of the sixth arch. But would ye still proceed,
Up by this cavern go : not distant far,
Another rock will yield you passage safe.
Yesterday ¹ later by five hours than now,
Twelve hundred threescore years and six had
fill'd

¹ *Yesterday.*] This passage fixes the era of Dante's descent at Good Friday, in the year 1300 (34 years from our blessed Lord's incarnation being added to 1266), and at the thirty-fifth year of our Poet's age. See Canto i. v. l. The awful event alluded to, the Evangelists inform us, happened " at the ninth hour," that is, our sixth, when " the rocks were rent," and the convulsion, according to Dante, was felt even in the depths of Hell.

The circuit of their course, since here the way
Was broken. Thitherward I straight dispatch
Certain of these my scouts, who shall espy
If any on the surface bask. With them
Go ye : for ye shall find them nothing fell.
Come Alichino, forth," with that he cried,
" And Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo thou !
The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.
With Libicocco, Draghinazzo haste,
Fang'd Ciriatto, Graffiacane fierce,
And Farfarello, and mad Rubicant.
Search ye around the bubbling tar. For these,
In safety lead them, where the other crag
Uninterrupted traverses the dens."

I then : " O Master ! what a sight is there.
Ah ! without escort, journey we alone,
Which, if thou know the way, I covet not.
Unless thy prudence fail thee, dost not mark
How they do gnarl upon us, and their scowl
Threatens us present tortures ? " He replied :
" I charge thee, fear not : let them, as they will,
Gnarl on : 'tis but in token of their spite
Against the souls who mourn in torment
steep'd."

To leftward o'er the pier they turn'd ; but
each
Had first between his teeth prest close the
tongue,

Toward their leader for a signal looking,
Which he with sound obscene triumphant gave.

CANTO XXII

Argument,

Virgil and Dante proceed, accompanied by the Demons, and see other sinners of the same description in the same gulf. The device of Ciampolo, one of these, to escape from the Demons, who had laid hold on him.

It hath been heretofore my chance to see
Horsemen with martial order shifting camp,
To onset sallying, or in muster ranged,
Or in retreat sometimes outstretch'd for flight :
Light armed squadrons and fleet foragers
Scouring thy plains, Arezzo ! have I seen,
And clashing tournaments, and tilting jousts,
Now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells,
Tabors,¹ or signals made from castled heights,
And with inventions multiform, our own,
Or introduced from foreign land ; but ne'er
To such a strange recorder I beheld,
In evolution moving, horse nor foot,

¹ *Tabors.*] "Tabour, a drum, a common accompaniment of war, is mentioned as one of the instruments of martial music in this battle (in Richard Cœur de Lion) with characteristic propriety. It was imported into the European armies from the Saracens in the holy war. Joinville describes a superb bark or galley belonging to a Saracen chief, which, he says, was filled with cymbals, tabours, and Saracen horns. *Hist. de S. Loys*, p. 30." Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. i. sec. 4, p. 167.

Nor ship, that tack'd by sign from land or star.

With the ten demons on our way we went ;
Ah, fearful company ! but in the church
With saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess.

Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark
All things whate'er the chasm contain'd,¹ and
those

Who burn'd within. As dolphins that, in sign
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,
That thence forewarn'd they may advise to
save

Their threaten'd vessel ; so, at intervals,
To ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,
Then hid more nimbly than the lightning
glance.

E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
Their feet and of the trunk all else conceal'd,
Thus on each part the sinners stood ; but soon
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they
Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet
My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,
As it befalls that oft one frog remains,
While the next springs away : and Graffiacan,²

¹ *Whate'er the chasm contain'd.*] Monti, in his *Proposta*, interprets "contegno" to mean, not "contents" but "state," "condition."

² *Graffiacan.*] Fuseli, in a note to his third Lecture, observes, that "the Minos of Dante, in Messer Biagio da Cesena, and his Charon, have been recognized by all ; but

Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized
His clotted locks, and dragg'd him sprawling up,
That he appear'd to me an otter. Each
Already by their names I knew, so well
When they were chosen I observ'd, and mark'd
How one the other call'd. "O Rubicant!
See that his hide thou with thy talons flay,"
Shouted together all the cursed crew.

Then I: "Inform thee, Master! if thou may,
What wretched soul is this, on whom their
hands

His foes have laid." My leader to his side
Approach'd, and whence he came inquired; to
whom

Was answer'd thus: "Born in Navarre's
domain,¹

My mother placed me in a lord's retinue;
For she had borne me to a losel vile,
A spendthrift of his substance and himself.
The good king Thibault ² after that I served:

less the shivering wretch held over the barge by a hook,
and evidently taken from this passage." He is speaking
of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment.

¹ *Born in Navarre's domain.*] The name of this peculator is said to have been Ciampolo.

² *The good king Thibault.*] "Thibault I, king of Navarre, died on the 8th of June, 1233, as much to be commended for the desire he showed of aiding the war in the Holy Land, as reprehensible and faulty for his design of oppressing the rights and privileges of the church; on which account it is said that the whole kingdom was under an interdict for the space of three entire years.—Thibault

To peculating here my thoughts were turn'd,
Whereof I give account in this dire heat."

Straight Ciriatto, from whose mouth a tusk
Issued on either side, as from a boar,
Ripp'd him with one of these. 'Twixt evil claws
The mouse had fallen : but Barbariccia cried
Seizing him with both arms : "Stand thou
apart,

While I do fix him on my prong transpierced."

Then added, turning to my guide his face,
"Inquire of him, if more thou wish to learn,
Ere he again be rent." My leader thus :

"Then tell us of the partners in thy guilt ;
Knowest thou any sprung of Latian land
Under the tar ?"—"I parted," he replied,
"But now from one, who sojourn'd not far
thence ;

So were I under shelter now with him,
Nor hook nor talon then should scare me more."

"Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried ;
Then, darting forth a prong, seized on his arm,
And mangled bore away the sinewy part.

undoubtedly merits praise, as for his other endowments, so especially for his cultivation of the liberal arts, his exercise and knowledge of music and poetry, in which he so much excelled, that he was accustomed to compose verses and sing them to the viol, and to exhibit his poetical compositions publicly in his palace that they might be criticized by all." Mariana, *History of Spain*, b. 13. cap. 12.

Him Draghinazzo by his thighs beneath
Would next have caught ; whence angrily their
chief,
Turning on all sides round, with threatening
brow
Restrain'd them. When their strife a little
ceased,
Of him, who yet was gazing on his wound,
My teacher thus without delay inquired :
“ Who was the spirit, from whom by evil hap
Parting, as thou hast told, thou camest to
shore ? ”—

“ It was the friar Gomita,”¹ he rejoin'd,
“ He of Gallura, vessel of all guile,
Who had his master's enemies in hand,
And used them so that they commend him well.
Money he took, and them at large dismiss'd ;
So he reports ; and in each other charge
Committed to his keeping play'd the part
Of barterer to the height. With him doth herd
The chief of Logodoro, Michel Zanche.”²

¹ *The friar Gomita.*] He was intrusted by Nino de' Visconti with the government of Gallura, one of the four jurisdictions into which Sardinia was divided. Having his master's enemies in his power, he took a bribe from them, and allowed them to escape. Mention of Nino will recur in the Notes to Canto xxxiii, and in the *Purgatorio*, Canto viii.

² *Michel Zanche.*] The president of Logodoro, another of the four Sardinian jurisdictions. See Canto xxxiii. Note to v. 136.

Sardinia is a theme whereof their tongue
Is never weary. Out ! alas ! behold
That other, how he grins. More would I say,
But tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."

Their captain then to Farfarello turning,
Who roll'd his moony eyes in act to strike,
Rebuked him thus : " Off, cursed bird !
avaunt ! "

" If ye desire to see or hear," he thus
Quaking with dread resumed, " or Tuscan
spirits

Or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.
Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,
So that no vengeance they may fear from them,
And I, remaining in this self-same place,
Will, for myself but one, make seven appear,
When my shrill whistle shall be heard ; for so
Our custom is to call each other up."

Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinn'd,
Then wagg'd the head and spake : " Hear his
device,

Mischievous as he is, to plunge him down."

Whereto he thus, who fail'd not in rich store
Of nice-wove toils : " Mischief, forsooth, ex-
treme !

Meant only to procure myself more woe."

No longer Alichino then refrain'd,
But thus, the rest gainsaying, him bespake :

“ If thou do cast thee down, I not on foot
Will chase thee, but above the pitch will beat
My plumes. Quit we the vantage ground, and
let

The bank be as a shield ; that we may see,
If singly thou prevail against us all.”

Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear.
They each one turn'd his eyes to the other
shore,

He first, who was the hardest to persuade.
The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,
Planted his feet on land, and at one leap
Escaping, disappointed their resolve.

Them quick resentment stung, but him the
most,
Who was the cause of failure : in pursuit
He therefore sped, exclaiming, “ Thou art
caught.”

But little it avail'd ; terror outstripp'd
His following flight ; the other plunged beneath,
And he with upward pinion raised his breast :
E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives
The falcon near, dives instant down, while he
Enraged and spent retires. That mockery
In Calabrina fury stirr'd, who flew
After him, with desire of strife inflamed :
And, for the barterer had 'scaped, so turn'd
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dyke

In grapple close they join'd ; but the other
proved

A goshawk able to rend well his foe ;
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat
Was umpire soon between them ; but in vain
To lift themselves they strove, so fast were
glued

Their pennons. Barbariccia, as the rest,
That chance lamenting, four in flight dispatch'd
From the other coast, with all their weapons
arm'd.

They, to their post on each side speedily
Descending, stretch'd their hooks toward the
fiends,

Who flounder'd, inly burning from their scars :
And we departing left them to that broil.

CANTO XXIII

Argument.

The enraged Demons pursue Dante, but he is preserved from them by Virgil. On reaching the sixth gulf, he beholds the punishment of the hypocrites ; which is, to pace continually round the gulf under the pressure of caps and hoods, that are gilt on the outside, but leaden within. He is addressed by two of these, Catalano and Loderingo, knights of Saint Mary, otherwise called Joyous Friars of Bologna. Caiaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground, and lies so stretched along the way, that all tread on him in passing.

IN silence and in solitude we went,
One first, the other following his steps,

As minor friars journeying on their road.

The present fray had turn'd my thoughts to
muse

Upon old Æsop's fable,¹ where he told
What fate unto the mouse and frog befel ;
For language hath not sounds more like in sense,
Than are these chances, if the origin
And end of each be heedfully compared.
And as one thought bursts from another forth,
So afterward from that another sprang,
Which added doubly to my former fear.
For thus I reason'd : " These through us have
been

So foil'd, with loss and mockery so complete,
As needs must sting them sore. If anger then
Be to their evil will conjoin'd, more fell
They shall pursue us, than the savage hound
Snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."

Already I perceived my hair stand all
On end with terror, and look'd eager back.

" Teacher," I thus began, " if speedily
Thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread
Those evil talons. Even now behind
They urge us ; quick imagination works

¹ *Æsop's fable.*] The fable of the frog, who offered to carry the mouse across a ditch, with the intention of drowning him, when both were carried off by a kite. It is not among those Greek fables which go under the name of Æsop.

So forcibly, that I already feel them."

He answer'd: "Were I form'd of leaded
glass,

I should not sooner draw unto myself
Thy outward image, than I now imprint
That from within. This moment came thy
thoughts

Presented before mine, with similar act
And countenance similar, so that from both
I one design have framed. If the right coast
Incline so much, that we may thence descend
Into the other chasm, we shall escape
Secure from this imagined pursuit."

He had not spoke his purpose to the end,
When I from far beheld them with spread wings
Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide
Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep
Is by the noise aroused, and near her sees
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe
And flies ne'er pausing, careful more of him
Than of herself, that but a single vest
Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting
beach

Supine he cast him to that pendent rock.
Which closes on one part the other chasm.

Never ran water with such hurrying pace
Adown the tube to turn a land-mill's wheel,
When nearest it approaches to the spokes,

As then along that edge my master ran,
Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,
Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet
Reach'd to the lowest of the bed beneath,
When over us the steep they reach'd : but fear
In him was none ; for that high Providence,
Which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,
Power of departing thence took from them all.

There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,
Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,
Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.
Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low
down

Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne.¹ Their out-
side

Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
But leaden all within, and of such weight,
That Frederick's² compared to these were straw.
Oh, everlasting wearisome attire !

We yet once more with them together turn'd
To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.
But by the weight opprest, so slowly came
The fainting people, that our company

¹ *Monks in Cologne.*] They wore their cowls unusually large.

² *Frederick's.*] The Emperor Frederick II is said to have punished those who were guilty of high treason by wrapping them up in lead, and casting them into a furnace.

Was changed, at every movement of the step.

Whence I my guide address'd : " See that
thou find

Some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be
known ;

And to that end look round thee as thou go'st,"

Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,
Cried after us aloud : " Hold in your feet,
Ye who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.
Perchance from me thou shalt obtain thy wish."

Whereat my leader, turning, me bespake :
" Pause, and then onward at their pace pro-
ceed."

I staid, and saw two spirits in whose look
Impatient eagerness of mind was mark'd
To overtake me ; but the load they bare
And narrow path retarded their approach.

Soon as arrived, they with an eye askance
Perused me, but spake not : then turning, each
To other thus conferring said : " This one
Seems, by the action of his throat, alive ;
And, be they dead, what privilege allows
They walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole ?"

Then thus to me : " Tuscan, who visitest
The college of the mourning hypocrites,
Disdain not to instruct us who thou art."

" By Arno's pleasant, stream " I thus replied,
" In the great city I was bred and grew,

And wear the body I have ever worn.

But who are ye, from whom such mighty grief,
As now I witness, courseth down your cheeks ?
What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe ? ”

“ Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange
hue,”¹

One of them answer'd, “ are so leaden gross
That with their weight they make the balances
To crack beneath them. Joyous friars² we
were,

¹ *Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue.*] It is observed by Venturi, that the word “rance” does not here signify “rancid or disgustful,” as it is explained by the old commentators, but “orange coloured,” in which sense it occurs in the *Purgatorio*, Canto ii. 9. By the erroneous interpretation Milton appears to have been misled: “Ever since the day peepe, till now the sun was grown somewhat *ranke*.” *Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 160, ed. 1753.

² *Joyous friars.*] “Those who ruled the city of Florence on the part of the Ghibellines perceiving this discontent and murmuring, which they were fearful might produce a rebellion against themselves, in order to satisfy the people, made choice of two knights, Frati Godenti (joyous friars) of Bologna, on whom they conferred the chief power in Florence; one named M. Catalano de’ Malavolti, the other M. Loderingo di Liandolo; one an adherent of the Guelph, the other of the Ghibelline party. It is to be remarked, that the Joyous Friars were called Knights of St. Mary, and became knights on taking that habit: their robes were white, the mantle sable, and the arms a white field and red cross with two stars: their office was to defend widows and orphans; they were to act as mediators; they had internal regulations, like other religious bodies. The above mentioned M. Loderingo was the founder of that order. But it was not long before they too well deserved the appellation given them, and were found to be more bent on enjoying themselves than on any other object.

Bologna's natives ; Catalano I,
He Loderingo named ; and by thy land
Together taken, as men used to take
A single and indifferent arbiter,
To reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,
Gardingo's vicinage¹ can best declare."

"O friars !" I began, "your miseries—"
But there brake off, for one had caught mine
eye,

Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground,
He, when he saw me, writhed himself, through-
out

Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard.
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,
Thus spake : "That pierced spirit,² whom
intent

That view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man

These two frairs were called in by the Florentines, and had a residence assigned them in the palace belonging to the people, over against the Abbey. Such was the dependence placed on the character of their order, that it was expected they would be impartial, and would save the commonwealth any unnecessary expense ; instead of which, though inclined to opposite parties, they secretly and hypocritically concurred in promoting their own advantage rather than the public good." G. Villani, lib, 7. cap. xiii. This happened in 1266.

¹ *Gardingo's vicinage.*] The name of that part of the city which was inhabited by the powerful Ghibelline family of the Uberti, and destroyed under the partial and iniquitous administration of Catalano and Loderingo.

² *That pierced spirit.*] Caiaphas.

To suffer for the people. He doth lie
 Transverse ; nor any passes, but him first
 Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
 In straits like this along the foss are placed
 The father of his consort,¹ and the rest.
 Partakers in that council, seed of ill
 And sorrow to the Jews." I noted them,
 How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,
 Thus abjectly extended on the cross
 In banishment eternal. To the friar
 He next his words address'd : " We pray ye
 tell,

If so be lawful, whether on our right
 Lies any opening in the rock, whereby
 We both may issue hence, without constraint
 On the dark angels, that compell'd they come
 To lead us from this depth." He thus replied :
 " Nearer than thou dost hope, there is a rock
 From the great circle moving, which o'ersteps
 Each vale of horror, save that here his cope
 Is shatter'd. By the ruin ye may mount :
 For on the side it slants, and most the height
 Rises below." With head bent down awhile
 My leader stood ; then spake : " He warn'd
 us ill,²

¹ *The father of his consort.*] Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas.

² *He warn'd us ill.*] He refers to the falsehood told him by the demon. Canto xxi. 108.

Who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."

To whom the friar : " At Bologna erst
I many vices of the devil heard ;
Among the rest was said, ' He is a liar,¹
' And the father of lies ! ' " When he had spoke
My leader with large strides proceeded on,
Somewhat disturb'd with anger in his look.

I therefore left the spirits heavy laden,
And, following, his beloved footsteps mark'd.

CANTO XXIV

Argument.

Under the escort of his faithful master, Dante, not without difficulty, makes his way out of the sixth gulf ; and in the seventh, sees the robbers tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. The soul of Vanni Fucci, who had pillaged the sacristy of Saint James in Pistoia, predicts some calamities that impended over that city, and over the Florentines.

IN the year's early nonage,² when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede ;
Whenas the rime upon the earth puts on

¹ *He is a liar.*] " He is a liar and the father of it." John viii. 44. Dante had perhaps heard this text from one of the pulpits in Bologna.

² *In the year's early nonage.*] " At the latter part of January, when the sun enters into Aquarius, and the equinox is drawing near, when the hoar-frosts in the morning often wear the appearance of snow, but are melted by the rising sun."

Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures ; then riseth up
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
And looking out beholds the plain around
All whiten'd ; whence impatiently he smites
His thighs, and to his hut returning in,
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,
As a discomfited and helpless man ;
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps
his crook,

And forth to pasture drives his little flock :
So me my guide dishearten'd, when I saw
His troubled forehead ; and so speedily
That ill was cured ; for at the fallen bridge
Arriving, towards me with a look as sweet,
He turn'd him back, as that I first beheld
At the steep mountain's foot. Regarding well
The ruin, and some counsel first maintain'd
With his own thought, he open'd wide his arm
And took me up. As one, who, while he works,
Computes his labour's issue, that he seems
Still to foresee the effect ; so lifting me
Up to the summit of one peak, he fix'd
His eye upon another. " Grapple that,"
Said he, " but first make proof, if it be such
As will sustain thee." For one capp'd with lead

This were no journey. Scarcely he, though
light,

And I, though onward push'd from crag to crag,
Could mount. And if the precinct of this coast
Were not less ample than the last, for him
I know not, but my strength had surely fail'd.

But Malebolge all toward the mouth

Inclining of the nethermost abyss,

The site of every valley hence requires,

That one side upward slope, the other fall,

At length the point from whence the utmost
stone

Juts down, we reach'd ; soon as to that arrived

So was the breath exhausted from my lungs,

I could no farther, but did seat me there.

“ Now needs thy best of man ; ” so spake my
guide :

“ For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won ;

Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,

Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,

As smoke in air or foam upon the wave.

Thou therefore rise : vanquish thy weariness

By the mind's effort, in each struggle form'd

To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight

Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.

A longer ladder yet remains to scale.

From these to have escaped sufficeth not.

If well thou note me, profit by my words."

I straightway rose, and show'd myself less
spent

Than I in truth did feel me. "On," I cried,
"For I am stout and fearless." Up the rock
Our way we held, more rugged than before,
Narrower, and steeper far to climb. From talk
I ceased not, as we journey'd, so to seem
Least faint; whereat a voice from the other
foss

Did issue forth, for utterance suited ill.
Though on the arch that crosses there I stood,
What were the words I knew not, but who
spake

Seem'd moved in anger. Down I stoop'd to look;
But my quick eye might reach not to the depth
For shrouding darkness; wherefore thus I
spake:

"To the next circle, teacher, bend thy steps,
And from the wall dismount we; for as hence
I hear and understand not, so I see
Beneath, and naught discern."—"I answer
not,"

Said he, "but by the deed. To fair request
Silent performance maketh best return."

We from the bridge's head descended, where
To the eighth mound it joins; and then, the
chasm

Opening to view, I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins
Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands
Let Lybia vaunt no more : if Jaculus,
Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,
Cenchris and Amphisbæna, plagues so dire
Or in such numbers swarming ne'er she show'd,
Not with all Ethiopia, and whate'er
Above the Erythræan sea is spawn'd.

Amid this dread exuberance of woe
Ran naked spirits wing'd with horrid fear.
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
Or heliotrope ¹ to charm them out of view.
With serpents were their hands behind them
 bound,
Which through their reins infix'd the tail and
 head,
Twisted in folds before. And lo ! on one
Near to our side, darted an adder up,
And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,
Transpierced him. Far more quickly than
 e'er pen
Wrote O or I, he kindled, burn'd, and changed

¹ *Heliotrope*.] "A stone," says Boccaccio, in his humorous tale of Calandrino, "which we lapidaries call heliotrope, of such extraordinary virtue, that the bearer of it is effectually concealed from the sight of all present." *Decam. G. viii. N. 3.*

To ashes all, pour'd out upon the earth.
When there dissolved he lay, the dust again
Uproll'd spontaneous, and the self-same form
Instant resumed. So mighty sages tell,
The Arabian Phoenix, when five hundred years
Have well-nigh circled, dies, and springs forth-
with

Renascent : blade nor herb throughout his life
He tastes, but tears of frankincense alone
And odorous amomum : swaths of nard
And myrrh his funeral shroud. As one that
falls,

He knows not how, by force demoniac dragg'd
To earth, or through obstruction fettering up
In chains invisible the powers of man,
Who, risen from his trance, gazeth around,
Bewilder'd with the monstrous agony
He hath endured, and wildly staring sighs ;
So stood aghast the sinner when he rose.

Oh ! how severe God's judgment, that deals
out

Such blows in stormy vengeance. Who he was,
My teacher next inquired ; and thus in few
He answer'd : " Vanni Fucci ¹ am I call'd,

¹ *Vanni Fucci.*] He is said to have been an illegitimate offspring of the family of Lazari in Pistoia, and, having robbed the sacristy of the church of St. James in that city to have charged Vanni della Nona with the sacrilege ; in consequence of which accusation the latter suffered death.

Not long since rained down from Tuscany
To this dire gullet. Me the bestial life
And not the human pleased, mule that I was,
Who in Pistoia found my worthy den."

I then to Virgil: "Bid him stir not hence;
And ask what crime did thrust him hither:
once

A man I knew him, choleric and bloody."

The sinner heard and feign'd not, but to-
wards me

His mind directing and his face, wherein
Was dismal shame depicted, thus he spake:
"It grieves me more to have been caught by
thee

In this sad plight, which thou beholdest, than
When I was taken from the other life.

I have no power permitted to deny
What thou inquirest. I am doom'd thus low
To dwell, for that the sacristy by me
Was rifled of its goodly ornaments,
And with the guilt another falsely charged.
But that thou mayst not joy to see me thus,
So as thou e'er shall 'scape this darksome realm,
Open thine ears and hear what I forebode.
Reft of the Neri first Pistoia¹ pines;

¹ *Pistoia.*] "In May, 1301, the Bianchi party of Pistoia, with the assistance and favour of the Bianchi, who ruled Florence, drove out the party of the Neri from the former

Then Florence ¹ changeth citizens and laws ;
 From Valdimagra, ² drawn by wrathful Mars,
 A vapour rises, wrapt in turbid mists,
 And sharp and eager driveth on the storm
 With arrowy hurtling o'er Piceno's field,
 Whence suddenly the cloud shall burst, and
 strike
 Each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.
 This have I told, that grief may rend thy
 heart."

CANTO XXV

Argument.

The sacrilegious Fucci vents his fury in blasphemy, is seized by serpents, and flying is pursued by Cacus in

place, destroying their houses, palaces, and farms." Giov. Villani, *Hist.* lib. 8. cap. xlv.

¹ *Then Florence.*] "Soon after the Bianchi will be expelled from Florence, the Neri will prevail, and the laws and people will be changed."

² *From Valdimagra.*] The commentators explain this prophetic threat to allude to the victory obtained by the Marquis Morello Malaspina of Valdimagra (a tract of country now called the Lunigiana), who put himself at the head of the Neri, and defeated their opponents, the Bianchi, in the Campo Piceno near Pistoia, soon after the occurrence related in Note 1, p. 176. Of this engagement I find no mention in Villani. Balbo (*Vita di Dante*, vol. ii. p. 143), refers to Gerini, *Memorie Storiche di Lunigiana*, tom. ii. p. 123, for the whole history of this Morello or Moroello. Currado Malaspina is introduced in the eighth Canto of the *Purgatorio*; where it appears, that although on the present occasion they espoused contrary sides, most import-

the form of a Centaur, who is described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of whom undergo a marvellous transformation in his presence.

WHEN he had spoke, the sinner raised his hands ¹

Pointed in mockery, and cried : " Take them, God !

I level them at thee." From that day forth
The serpents were my friends ; for round his neck

One of them rolling twisted, as it said,
" Be silent, tongue ! " Another, to his arms
Upgliding, tied them, riveting itself
So close, it took from them the power to move.

Pistoia ! ah Pistoia ! why dost doubt
To turn thee into ashes, cumbering earth
No longer, since in evil act so far
Thou hast outdone thy seed ? ² I did not
mark,

ant favours were nevertheless conferred by that family on our Poet, at a subsequent period of his exile, in 1307.

¹ *His hands.*] " The practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers, to express the feelings of insult and contempt, has prevailed very generally among the nations of Europe, and for many ages had been denominated ' making the fig,' or described at least by some [equivalent expression." Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 492, ed. 1807. The passage in the original text has not escaped this diligent commentator.

² *Thy seed.*] Thy ancestry.

Through all the gloomy circles of the abyss,
Spirit, that swell'd so proudly 'gainst his God ;
Not him,¹ who headlong fell from Thebes. He
fled,

Nor utter'd more ; and after him there came
A centaur full of fury, shouting, " Where,
Where is the caitiff ? " On Maremma's
marsh ²

Swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch
They swarm'd, to where the human face begins.
Behind his head, upon the shoulders, lay
With open wings a dragon, breathing fire
On whomsoe'er he met. To me my guide :

" Cacus ³ is this, who underneath the rock
Of Aventine spread oft a lake of blood.
He, from his brethren parted, here must tread
A different journey, for his fraudulent theft
Of the great herd that near him stall'd ;
whence found

His felon deeds their end, beneath the mace
Of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on
A hundred blows,⁴ and not the tenth was
felt."

¹ *Not him.*] Capaneus. Canto xiv.

² *On Maremma's marsh.*] An extensive tract near the sea shore of Tuscany.

³ *Cacus.*] Virgil. *Æn.* lib. 8. 193.

⁴ *A hundred blows.*] Less than ten blows, out of the hundred Hercules gave him, had deprived him of feeling.

While yet he spake, the centaur sped away :
And under us three spirits came, of whom
Nor I nor he was ware, till they exclaim'd,
“ Say who are ye ! ” We then brake off dis-
course,

Intent on these alone. I knew them not :
But, as it chanceth oft, befel, that one
Had need to name another. “ Where,” said he,
“ Doth Cianfa ¹ lurk ? ” I, for a sign my guide
Should stand attentive, placed against my lips
The finger lifted. If, O reader ! now
Thou be not apt to credit what I tell,
No marvel ; for myself do scarce allow
The witness of mine eyes. But as I look'd
Toward them, lo ! a serpent with six feet
Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon
him :

His midmost grasp'd the belly, a forefoot
Seized on each arm (while deep in either cheek
He flesh'd his fangs) ; the hinder on the thighs
Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted
curl'd

Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasp'd
A dodder'd oak, as round the other's limbs
The hideous monster intertwined his own.
Then, as they both had been of burning wax,

¹ *Cianfa*.] He is said to have been of the family of Donati at Florence.

Each melted into other, mingling hues,
That which was either now was seen no more.
Thus up the shrinking paper,¹ ere it burns,
A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,
And the clean white expires. The other two
Look'd on, exclaiming. "Ah! how dost thou
change,

Agnello! ² See! Thou art nor double now,
Nor only one." The two heads now became
One, and two figures blended in one form
Appear'd, where both were lost. Of the four
lengths

Two arms were made: the belly and the chest,
The thighs and legs, into such members changed
As never eye hath seen. Of former shape
All trace was vanish'd. Two, yet neither,
seem'd

That image miscreate, and so pass'd on
With tardy steps. As underneath the scourge

¹ *Thus up the shrinking paper.*] Many of the commentators suppose that by "papiro" is here meant the wick of a lamp or candle, and Lombardi adduces an extract from Pier Crescenzo (*Agricolt.* lib. 6. cap. ix.) to show that this use was then made of the plant. But Tiraboschi has proved that paper made of linen came into use towards the latter half of the fourteenth century, and that the inventor of it was Pier da Fabiano, who carried on his manufactory in the city of Trevigi; whereas paper of cotton, with, perhaps, some linen mixed, was used during the twelfth century. *Stor. della Lett. Ital.* tom. v. lib. 1. cap. iv. sec. 4.

² *Agnello.*] Agnello Brunelleschi.

Of the fierce dog-star that lays bare the fields,
Shifting from brake to brake the lizard seems
A flash of lightning, if he thwart the road ;
So toward the entrails of the other two
Approaching seemed an adder all on fire,
As the dark pepper-grain livid and swart.
In that part,¹ whence our life is nourish'd first,
One he transpierced ; then down before him
fell

Stretch'd out. The pierced spirit look'd on
him,

But spake not ; yea, stood motionless and
yawn'd,

As if by sleep or feverous fit assail'd.

He eyed the serpent, and the serpent him.

One from the wound, the other from the mouth
Breathed a thick smoke, whose vapoury
columns join'd.

Lucan in mute attention now may hear,
Nor thy disastrous fate, Sabellus, tell,
Nor thine, Nasidius. Ovid ² now be mute.
What if in warbling fiction he record
Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake
Him changed, and her into a fountain clear,
I envy not ; for never face to face

¹ *In that part.*] The navel.

² *Ovid.*] *Metam.* lib. 4. and 5.

Two natures thus transmuted did he sing,
Wherein both shapes were ready to assume
The other's substance. They in mutual guise
So answer'd that the serpent split his train
Divided to a fork, and the pierced spirit
Drew close his steps together, legs and thighs
Compacted, that no sign of juncture soon
Was visible : the tail, disparted, took
The figure which the spirit lost ; its skin
Softening, his indurated to a rind.

The [shoulders next I mark'd, that entering
join'd

The monster's arm-pits, whose two shorter
feet

So lengthen'd, as the others dwindling shrunk.
The feet behind then twisting up became
That part that man conceals, which in the
wretch

Was cleft in twain. While both the shadowy
smoke

With a new colour veils, and generates
The excrescent pile on one, peeling it off
From the other body, lo ! upon his feet
One upright rose, and prone the other fell.
Nor yet their glaring and malignant lamps
Were shifted, though each feature changed
beneath.

Of him who stood erect, the mounting face

Retreated towards the temples, and what
there

Superfluous matter came, shot out in ears
From the smooth cheeks ; the rest, not back-
ward dragg'd,

Of its excess did shape the nose ; and swell'd
Into due size protuberant the lips.

He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends
His sharpen'd visage, and draws down the ears
Into the head, as doth the slug his horns.

His tongue, continuous before and apt
For utterance, severs ; and the other's fork
Closing unites. That done, the smoke was
laid.

The soul, transform'd into the brute, glides off,
Hissing along the vale, and after him

The other talking sputters ; but soon turn'd
His new-grown shoulders on him, and in few
Thus to another spake : " Along this path
Crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso now ! "

So saw I fluctuate in successive change
The unsteady ballast of the seventh hold :
And here if aught my pen have swerved, events
So strange may be its warrant. O'er mine eyes
Confusion hung, and on my thoughts amaze.

¹ *Buoso*.] He is also said by some to have been of the Donati family ; but by others of the Abbati.

Yet scaped they not so covertly, but well
 I mark'd Sciancato ¹: he alone it was
 Of the three first that came, who changed not :
 thou
 The other's fate, Gaville ! ² still dost rue.

CANTO XXVI

Argument.

- Remounting by the steps, down which they had descended to the seventh gulf, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the eighth, and from thence behold numberless flames wherein are punished the evil counsellors, each flame containing a sinner, save one in which were Diomede and Ulysses, the latter of whom relates the manner of his death.

FLORENCE, exult ! for thou so mightily
 Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings
 Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.
 Among the plunderers, such the three I found
 Thy citizens ; whence shame to me thy son,
 And no proud honour to thyself redounds.

¹ *Sciancato*.] Puccio Sciancato, a noted robber, whose family, Venturi says, he has not been able to discover. The Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. informs us that he was one of the Galigai of Florence, the decline of which house is mentioned in the *Paradiso*, Canto xvi. 96.

² *Gaville*.] Francesco Guercio Cavalcante was killed at Gaville, near Florence ; and in revenge of his death several inhabitants of that district were put to death.

But if our minds, when dreaming near the
dawn,
Are of the truth presageful, thou ere long
Shalt feel what Prato ¹ (not to say the rest)
Would fain might come upon thee ; and that
chance
Were in good time, if it befel thee now.
Would so it were, since it must needs befall !
For as time ² wears me, I shall grieve the more.
We from the depth departed ; and my guide
Remounting scaled the flinty steps, ³ which late
We downward traced, and drew me up the
steep.
Pursuing thus our solitary way
Among the crags and splinters of the rock,
Sped not our feet without the help of hands.

¹ *Shalt feel what Prato.*] The Poet prognosticates the calamities which were soon to befall his native city, and which, he says, even her nearest neighbour, Prato, would wish her. The calamities more particularly pointed at are said to be the fall of a wooden bridge over the Arno, in May, 1304, where a large multitude were assembled to witness a representation of hell and the infernal torments, in consequence of which accident many lives were lost ; and a conflagration, that in the following month destroyed more than seventeen hundred houses, many of them sumptuous buildings. See G. Villani, *Hist.* lib. 8. cap. lxx. and lxxi.

² *As time.*] "I shall feel all calamities more sensibly as I am further advanced in life."

³ *The flinty steps.*] Ventura after Daniello and Volpi, explains the word in the original, "borni," to mean the stones that project from a wall, for other buildings to be joined to, which the workmen call "toothings."

Then sorrow seized me, which e'en now
revives,
As my thought turns again to what I saw,
And, more than I am wont,¹ I reign and curb
The powers of nature in me, lest they run
Where Virtue guides not ; that, if aught of
good
My gentle star or something better gave me,
I envy not myself the precious boon.

As in that season, when the sun least veils
His face that lightens all, what time the fly
Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant
then,
Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees
Fire-flies innumerable spangling o'er the vale,
Vineyard or tilth, where his day labour lies ;
With flames so numberless throughout its
space
Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the
depth

¹ *More than I am wont.*] " When I reflect on the punishment allotted to those who do not give sincere and upright advice to others, I am more anxious than ever not to abuse to so bad a purpose those talents, whatever they may be, which Nature, or rather Providence, has conferred on me." It is probable that this declaration was the result of real feeling in the mind of Dante, whose political character would have given great weight to any opinion or party he had espoused, and to whom indigence and exile might have offered strong temptations to deviate from that line of conduct which a strict sense of duty prescribed.

Was to my view exposed. As he, whose
wrongs ¹

The bears avenged, at its departure saw
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect
Raised their steep flight for heaven ; his eyes,
meanwhile,

Straining pursued them, till the flame alone,
Upsoaring like a misty speck, he kenn'd :
E'en thus along the gulf moves every flame,
A sinner so enfolded close in each,
That none exhibits token of the theft.

Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,
And grasp'd a flinty mass, or else had fallen,
Though push'd not from the height. The
guide, who mark'd

How I did gaze attentive, thus began :
“ Within these ardours are the spirits, each
Swath'd in confining fire.”—“ Master ! thy
word,”

I answer'd, “ hath assured me ; yet I deem'd
Already of the truth, already wish'd
To ask thee who is in yon fire, that comes
So parted at the summit, as it seem'd
Ascending from that funeral pile ² where lay

¹ *As he, whose wrongs.*] ² Kings, ii.

² *Ascending from that funeral pile.*] The flame is said to have divided on the funeral pile which consumed the bodies of Eteocles and Polynices, as if conscious of the enmity that actuated them while living.

The Theban brothers." He replied : " Within,
 Ulysses there and Diomede endure
 Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now
 Together hasting, as erewhile to wrath.
 These in the flame with ceaseless groans de-
 plore

The ambush of the horse,¹ that open'd wide
 A portal for that goodly seed to pass,
 Which sow'd imperial Rome ; nor less the guile
 Lament they, whence, of her Achilles 'reft,
 Deïdamia yet in death complains.
 And there is rued the stratagem that Troy
 Of her Palladium spoil'd."—" If they have
 power

Of utterance from within these sparks," said I,
 " O master ! think my prayer a thousand-fold
 In repetition urged, that thou vouchsafe
 To pause till here the horned flame arrive.
 See, how toward it with desire I bend."

He thus : " Thy prayer is worthy of much
 praise,
 And I accept it therefore ; but do thou
 Thy tongue refrain : to question them be
 mine ;

¹ *The ambush of the horse.*] "The ambush of the wooden horse, that caused Æneas to quit the city of Troy and seek his fortune in Italy, where his descendants founded the Roman empire."

For I divine thy wish ; and they perchance,
For they were Greeks,¹ might shun discourse
with thee."

When there the flame had come, where time
and place
Seem'd fitting to my guide, he thus began ;
" O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire !
If, living, I of you did merit aught,
Whate'er the measure were of that desert,
When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd,
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold
In what clime death o'ertook him self-des-
troy'd."

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
That labours with the wind, then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice, and spake : " When I
escaped
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta² by her charms,
Ere thus Æneas yet had named the shore ;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,

¹ *For they were Greeks.*] By this it is, perhaps, implied
that they were haughty and arrogant.

² *Caieta.*] Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 7. 1.

Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of
of life,

Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with
age

Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass,¹ where Hercules ordain'd
The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta past.

'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west
'Through perils without number now have
reach'd;

'To this the short remaining watch, that yet
'Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
'Of the unpeopled world, following the track
'Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye
sprang:

'Ye were not form'd to live the lives of brutes,
'But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'

¹ *The straiht pass.*] The straits of Gibraltar.

With these few words I sharpen'd for the
voyage

The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the
dawn

Our poop we turn'd and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean floor
It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft
Vanished the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we enter'd, when from
far

Appear'd a mountain dim,¹ loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight ;
But soon to mourning changed. From the
new land

A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her
round

With all the waves ; the fourth time lifted up

¹ *A mountain dim.*] The mountain of Purgatory. Amongst the various opinions of theologians respecting the situation of the terrestrial paradise, Pietro Lombardo relates, that 'it was separated by a long space, either of sea or land, from the regions inhabited by men, and placed in the ocean, reaching as far as to the lunar circle, so that the waters of the deluge did not reach it.' *Sent. lib. 2. dist. 17.* Thus Lombardi.

The poop, and sank the prow : so fate decreed :
And over us the booming billows closed." ¹

CANTO XXVII

Argument.

The Poet, treating of the same punishment as in the last Canto, relates that he turned towards a flame in which was the Count Guido la Montefeltro, whose inquiries respecting the state of Romagna, he answers; and Guido is thereby induced to declare who he is, and why condemned to that torment.

Now upward rose the flame, and still'd its light
To speak no more, and now pass'd on with leave
From the mild poet gain'd ; when following
came

Another, from whose top a sound confused,
Forth issuing, drew our eyes that way to look
As the Sicilian bull,² that rightfully

¹ *Closed.*] Venturi refers to Pliny and Solinus for the opinion that Ulysses was the founder of Lisbon, from whence he thinks it was easy for the fancy of a poet to send him on yet further enterprises. Perhaps the story (which it is not unlikely that our author will be found to have borrowed from some legend of the Middle Ages) may have taken its rise partly from the obscure oracle returned by the ghost of Tiresias to Ulysses (see the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*), and partly from the fate which there was reason to suppose had befallen some adventurous explorers of the Atlantic ocean.

² *The Sicilian bull.*] The engine of torture invented by Perillus, for the tyrant Phalaris.

His cries first echoed who had shaped its
mould,

Did so rebellow, with the voice of him
Tormented, that the brazen monster seem'd
Pierced through with pain ; thus, while no
way they found,

Nor avenue immediate through the flame,
Into its language turn'd the dismal words :
But soon as they had won their passage forth,
Up from the point, which vibrating obey'd
Their motion at the tongue, those sounds were
heard :

“ Oh thou ! to whom I now direct my voice,
That lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,
' Depart thou ; I solicit thee no more ; '

Though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive,
Let it not irk thee here to pause awhile,
And with me parley : lo ! it irks not me,
And yet I burn. If but e'en now thou fall
Into this blind world, from that pleasant land
Of Latium, whence I draw my sum of guilt,
Tell me if those who in Romagna dwell
Have peace or war. For of the mountains
there ¹

Was I, betwixt Urbino and the height
Whence Tiber first unlocks his mighty flood.”

¹ *Of the mountains there.*] Montefeltro.

Leaning I listen'd yet with heedful ear,
 When, as he touch'd my side, the leader thus :
 " Speak thou : he is a Latian." My reply
 Was ready, and I spake without delay :
 " O Spirit ! who art hidden here below,
 Never was thy Romagna without war
 In her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now :
 But open war there left I none. The state,
 Ravenna hath maintain'd this many a year,
 Is stedfast. There Polenta's eagle ¹ broods ;

¹ *Polenta's eagle.*] Guido Novello da Polenta, who bore an eagle for his coat of arms. The name of Polenta was derived from a castle so called, in the neighbourhood of Brittonoro. Cervia is a small maritime city, about fifteen miles to the south of Ravenna. Guido was the son of Ostasio da Polenta, and made himself master of Ravenna in 1265. In 1322 he was deprived of his sovereignty, and died at Bologna in the year following. This last and most munificent patron of Dante is himself enumerated, by the historian of Italian literature, among the poets of his time. Tiraboschi, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* tom. v. lib. 3 c. ii. sec. 13. The passage in the text might have removed the uncertainty which Tiraboschi expressed respecting the duration of Guido's absence from Ravenna, when he was driven from that city in 1295, by the arms of Pietro, archbishop of Monreale. It must evidently have been very short, since his government is here represented (in 1300) as not having suffered any material disturbance for many years. In the Proëmium to the *Annotations on the Decameron of Boccaccio*, written by those who were deputed to that work, Ediz. Giunti, 1573, it is said of Guido Novello, " del quale si leggono ancora alcune composizioni, per poche che elle sieno, secondo quella età, belle e leggiadre ; " and in the collection edited by Allacci at Naples, 1661, p. 382, is a sonnet of his, which breathes a high and pure spirit of Platonism. Among the MSS. of the *Iliad* in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, described by Mai,

And in his broad circumference of plume
O'ershadows Cervia. The green talons grasp
The land,¹ that stood erewhile the proof so long,
And piled in bloody heap the host of France.

“The old mastiff of Verruchio and the
young,²

That tore Montagna³ in their wrath, still make,
Where they are wont, an augre of their fangs.

there is one that was in the possession of Guido. *Iliadis Fragmenta*, etc. fol. *Mediol.* 1819, *Proœmium*, p. xlviii. It was, perhaps, seen by Dante. To this account I must now subjoin that which has since been given, but without any reference to authorities, by Troya: “In the course of eight years, from 1310 to 1318, Guido III of Polenta, father of Francesca, together with his sons Bernardino and Ostasio, had died. A third son, named Bannino, was father of Guido IV. Of these two it is not known whether they held the lordship of Ravenna. But it came to the sons of Ostasio, Guido V called Novello, and Rinaldo the archbishop: on the sons of Bernardino devolved the sovereignty of the neighbouring city of Cervia.” *Veltro Allegorico di Dante*, ed. 1826, p. 176.

¹ *The land.*] The territory of Forlì, the inhabitants of which, in 1282, were enabled, by the stratagem of Guido da Montefeltro, who then governed it, to defeat with great slaughter the French army by which it had been besieged. See G. Villani, lib. 7. cap. lxxxi. The Poet informs Guido, its former ruler, that it is now in the possession of Sinibaldo Ordolaffi, or Ardelaffi, whom he designates by his coat of arms, a lion vert.

² *The old mastiff of Verruchio and the young.*] Malatesta and Malatestino his son, lords of Rimini, called, from their ferocity, the mastiffs of Verruchio, which was the name of their castle. Malatestino was, perhaps, the husband of Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta. See Notes to Canto v. 113.

³ *Montagna.*] Montagna de' Pareitati, a noble knight, and leader of the Ghibelline party at Rimini, murdered by Malatestino.

“Lamone’s city, and Santerno’s,¹ range
 Under the lion of the snowy lair,²
 Inconstant partisan, that changeth sides,
 Or ever summer yields to winter’s frost.
 And she, whose flank is wash’d of Savio’s
 wave,³

As ’twixt the level and the steep she lies,
 Lives so ’twixt tyrant power and liberty.

“Now tell us, I entreat thee, who art thou :
 Be not more hard than others. In the world,
 So may thy name still rear its forehead high.”

Then roar’d awhile the fire, its sharpen’d
 point
 On either side waved, and thus breathed at
 last :

“If I did think my answer were to one
 Who ever could return unto the world,
 This flame should rest unshaken. But since
 ne’er,
 If true be told me, any from this depth

¹ *Lamone’s city and Santerno’s.*] Lamone is the river at Faenza, and Santerno at Imola.

² *The lion of the snowy lair.*] Machinardo Pagano, whose arms were a lion azure on a field argent ; mentioned again in the *Purgatorio*, Canto xiv. 122. See G. Villani *passim*, where he is called Machinardo da Susinana.

³ *Whose flank is wash’d of Savio’s wave.*] Cesena, situated at the foot of a mountain, and washed by the river Savio, that often descends with a swollen and rapid stream from the Apennine.

Has found his upward way, I answer thee,
Nor fear lest infamy record the words.

“ A man of arms ¹ at first, I clothed me then
In good Saint Francis’ girdle, hoping so
To have made amends. And certainly my
hope

Had fail’d not, but that he, whom curses light
on,

The high priest,² again seduced me into sin.
And how, and wherefore, listen while I tell.
Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp
My mother gave me, less my deeds bespake
The nature of the lion than the fox.

All ways of winding subtlety I knew,
And with such art conducted, that the sound
Reach’d the world’s limit. Soon as to that
part

Of life I found me come, when each behoves
To lower sails ³ and gather in the lines ;

¹ *A man of arms.*] Guido da Montefeltro.

² *The high priest.*] Boniface VIII.

³ *To lower sails.*] Our Poet had the same train of thought as when he wrote that most beautiful passage in his *Convito*, beginning “ E quî è da sapere, che siccome dice Tullio in quello di Senettute, la naturale morte,” etc. p. 209. “ As it hath been said by Cicero, in his treatise on old age, natural death is like a port and haven to us after a long voyage ; and even as the good mariner, when he draws near the port, lowers his sails, and enters it softly with a weak and inoffensive motion, so ought we to lower the sails of our worldly operations, and to return to

That, which before had pleased me, then I
rued,

And to repentance and confession turn'd,
Wretch that I was ; and well it had bested me.
The chief of the new Pharisees ¹ meantime,
Waging his warfare near the Lateran,
Not with the Saracens or Jews (his foes
All Christians were, nor against Acre one
Had fought,² nor traffick'd in the Soldan's
land),

He, his great charge nor sacred ministry,
In himself revered, nor in me that cord

God with all our understanding and heart, to the end that we may reach this haven with all quietness and with all peace. And herein we are mightily instructed by nature in a lesson of mildness ; for in such a death itself there is neither pain nor bitterness ; but, as ripe fruit is lightly and without violence loosened from its branch, so our soul without grieving departs from the body in which it hath been."

¹ *The chief of the new Pharisees.*] Boniface VIII, whose enmity to the family of Colonna prompted him to destroy their houses near the Lateran. Wishing to obtain possession of their other seat, Penestrino, he consulted with Guido da Montefeltro how he might accomplish his purpose, offering him at the same time absolution for his past sins, as well as for that which he was then tempting him to commit. Guido's advice was, that kind words and fair promises would put his enemies into his power ; and they accordingly soon afterwards fell into the snare laid for them, A.D. 1298. See G. Villani, lib. 8. cap. xxiii.

² ——— *Nor against Acre one Had fought.*] He alludes to the renegade Christians, by whom the Saracens, in April, 1291, were assisted to recover St. John d'Acre, the last possession of the Christians in the Holy Land.

Which used to mark with leanness whom it
girded.

As in Soracte, Constantine besought,
To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid ;
So me, to cure the fever of his pride,
This man besought : my counsel to that
end

He ask'd ; and I was silent ; for his words
Seem'd drunken : but forthwith he thus
resumed :

' From thy heart banish fear : of all offence

' I hitherto absolve thee. In return,

' Teach me my purpose so to execute,

' That Penestrino cumber earth no more.

' Heaven, as thou knowest, I have power to
shut

' And open : and the keys are therefore twain,

' The which my predecessor ¹ meanly prized.'

" Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,
Of silence as more perilous I deem'd,
And answer'd : ' Father ! since thou wastest
me

' Clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,

' Large promise with performance scant, be
sure,

' Shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat.'

¹ *My predecessor.*] Celestine V.

" When I was number'd with the dead,
 then came
 Saint Francis for me ; but a cherub dark
 He met, who cried, ' Wrong me not ; he is
 mine,
 ' And must below to join the wretched
 crew,
 ' For the deceitful counsel which he gave.
 ' E'er since I watch'd him, hovering at his
 hair.
 ' No power can the impenitent absolve ;
 ' Nor to repent, and will, at once consist,
 ' By contradiction absolute forbid.'
 Oh misery ! how I shook myself, when he
 Seized me, and cried, ' Thou haply thought'st
 me not
 ' A disputant in logic so exact ! '
 To Minos down he bore me ; and the judge
 Twined eight times round his callous back the
 tail,
 Which biting with excess of rage, he spake :
 ' This is a guilty soul, that in the fire
 ' Must vanish.' Hence, perdition doom'd, I
 rove
 A prey to rankling sorrow, in this garb."
 When he had thus fulfill'd his words, the
 flame
 In dolour parted, beating to and fro,

And writhing its sharp horn. We onward
went,
I and my leader, up along the rock,
Far as another arch, that overhangs
The foss, wherein the penalty is paid
Of those who load them with committed sin.

CANTO XXVIII

Argument.

They arrive in the ninth gulf, where the sowers of scandal, schismatics, and heretics, are seen with their limbs miserably maimed or divided in different ways. Among these the Poet finds Mahomet, Piero da Medicina, Curio, Mosca, and Bertrand de Born.

WHO, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and
thought

Both impotent alike. If in one band
Collected, stood the people all, who e'er
Pour'd on Apulia's happy soil ¹ their blood,

¹ *Happy soil.*] There is a strange discordance here among the expounders. "Fortunata terra." Because of the vicissitudes of fortune which it experienced: Lan-

Slain by the Trojans,¹ and in that long war,²
 When of the rings the measured booty made
 A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes
 Who errs not ; with the multitude, that felt
 The griding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,³
 And those the rest,⁴ whose bones are gather'd
 yet

At Ceperano, there where treachery
 Branded the Apulian name, or where beyond
 Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo ⁵ without arms

dino. Fortunato, with respect to those who conquered in it: Vellutello. Or on account of its natural fertility: Venturi. The context requires that we should understand by "fortunata," "calamitous," "disgraziata," to which sense the word is extended in the Vocabulary of La Crusca: Lombardi. Volpi is silent.

¹ *The Trojans.*] Some MSS. have "Romani;" and Lombardi has admitted it into the text. Venturi had, indeed, before met with the same reading in some edition, but he has not told us in which.

² *In that long war.*] The war of Hannibal in Italy. "When Mago brought news of his victories to Carthage, in order to make his successes more easily credited, he commanded the golden rings to be poured out in the senate-house, which made so large a heap, that, as some relate, they filled three *modii* and a half. A more probable account represents them not to have exceeded one *modius*." Livy, *Hist.* lib. 23. xii.

³ *Guiscard's Norman steel.*] Robert Guiscard, who conquered the kingdom of Naples, and died in 1110.

⁴ *And those the rest.*] The army of Manfredi, which, through the treachery of the Apulian troops, was overcome by Charles of Anjou in 1265, and fell in such numbers, that the bones of the slain were still gathered near Ceperano.

⁵ *O Tagliacozzo.*] He alludes to the victory which Charles gained over Conradino, by the sage advice of the Sieur de Valeri, in 1268. G. Villani, lib. 7. cap. xxvii.

The old Alardo conquer'd ; and his limbs
One were to show transpierced, another his
Clean lopt away ; a spectacle like this
Were but a thing of naught, to the hideous
sight

Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost
Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide
As one I mark'd torn from the chin throughout
Down to the hinder passage : 'twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to view, and wretched ventricle,
That turns the englutted aliment to dross.

Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,
He eyed me, with his hands laid his breast
bare,

And cried, " Now mark how I do rip me : lo !
How is Mohammed mangled ; before me
Walks Ali ¹ weeping, from the chin his face
Cleft to the forelock ; and the others all,
Whom here thou seest, while they lived, did
sow

Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are
rent.

A fiend is here behind, who with his sword
Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again
Each of this ream, when we have compast
round

¹ *Ali.*] The disciple of Mohammed.

The dismal way ; for first our gashes close
 Ere we repass before him. But, say who
 Art thou, that standest musing on the rock,
 Haply so lingering to delay the pain
 Sentenced upon thy crimes."—"Him death
 not yet,"

My guide rejoin'd, "hath overta'en, nor sin
 Conducts to torment ; but, that he may make
 Full trial of your state, I who am dead
 Must through the depths of hell, from orb to
 orb,
 Conduct him. Trust my words ; for they are
 true."

More than a hundred spirits, when that they
 heard,
 Stood in the foss to mark me, through amaze
 Forgetful of their pangs. "Thou, who per-
 chance
 Shalt shortly view the sun, this warning thou
 Bear to Dolcino :¹ bid him, if he wish not

¹ *Dolcino.*] "In 1305, a friar, called Dolcino, who belonged to no regular order, contrived to raise in Novara, in Lombardy, a large company of the meaner sort of people, declaring himself to be a true apostle of Christ, and promulgating a community of property and of wives, with many other such heretical doctrines. He blamed the pope, cardinals, and other prelates of the holy church, for not observing their duty, nor leading the angelic life, and affirmed that he ought to be pope. He was followed by more than three thousand men and women, who lived promiscuously on the mountains together, like beasts, and,

Here soon to follow me, that with good store
Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows
Yield him a victim to Novara's power ;
No easy conquest else : " with foot upraised
For stepping, spake Mohammed, on the
ground

Then fix'd it to depart. Another shade,
Pierced in the throat, his nostrils mutilate
E'en from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear
Lopt off, with the rest, through wonder
stood

Gazing, before the rest advanced, and bared.
His wind-pipe, that without was all o'er-
smear'd

With crimson stain. " O thou ! " said he,
" whom sin

Condemns not, and whom erst (unless too near
Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft
Have seen on Latian ground, call thou to mind
Piero of Medicina,¹ if again

when they wanted provisions, supplied themselves by depredation and rapine. This lasted for two years, till many, being struck with compunction at the dissolute life they led, his sect was much diminished ; and, through failure of food and the severity of the snows, he was taken by the people of Novara, and burnt, with Margarita, his companion, and many other men and women whom his errors had seduced."

¹ *Medicina.*] A place in the territory of Bologna. Piero fomented dissensions among the inhabitants of that city, and among the leaders of the neighbouring states.

Returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land ¹
 That from Vercelli slopes to Mercabò ;
 And there instruct the twain,² whom Fano
 boasts

Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,
 That if 'tis given us here to scan aright
 The future, they out of life's tenement ³
 Shall be cast forth, and whelm'd under the
 waves

Near to Cattolica, through perfidy
 Of a fell tyrant. 'Twixt the Cyprian isle
 And Balearic, ne'er hath Neptune seen
 An injury so foul, by pirates done,
 Or Argive crew of old. That one-eyed traitor
 (Whose realm, there is a spirit here were fain
 His eye had still lack'd sight of) them shall
 bring

To conference with him, then so shape his end

¹ *The pleasant land.*] Lombardy.

² *The twain.*] Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano, two of the worthiest and most distinguished citizens of Fano, were invited by Malatestino da Rimini to an entertainment, on pretence that he had some important business to transact with them ; and, according to instructions given by him, they were drowned in their passage near Cattolica, between Rimini and Fano.

³ *Out of life's tenement.*] "Fuor di lor vasello," is construed by the old Latin annotator on the Monte Casino MS. and by Lombardi, "out of the ship." Volpi understands "vasello" to mean "their city or country." Others take the word in the sense according to which, though not without some doubt, it is rendered in this translation.

That they shall need not 'gainst Focara's
wind ¹

Offer up vow nor prayer." I answering thus :
" Declare, as thou dost wish that I above
May carry tidings of thee, who is he,
In whom that sight doth wake such sad re-
membrance."

Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone
Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws
Expanding, cried : " Lo ! this is he I wot of :
He speaks not for himself : the outcast this,
Who overwhelm'd the doubt in Cæsar's mind,²
Affirming that delay to men prepared
Was ever harmful." Oh ! how terrified
Methought was Curio, from whose throat was
cut

The tongue, which spake that hardy word.
Then one,
Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory
spots

Sullied his face, and cried : " Remember thee

¹ *Focara's wind.*] Focara is a mountain, from which a wind blows that is peculiarly dangerous to the navigators of that coast.

² *The doubt in Cæsar's mind.*] Curio, whose speech (according to Lucan) determined Julius Cæsar to proceed when he had arrived at Rimini (the ancient Ariminum), and doubted whether he should prosecute the civil war.

Of Mosca¹ too ; I who, alas ! exclaim'd,
 ' The deed once done, there is an end,' that
 proved

A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

I added : " Ay, and death to thine own tribe."

Whence, heaping woe on woe, he hurried
 off,

As one grief-stung to madness. But I there
 Still linger'd to behold the troop, and saw
 Thing, such as I may fear without more proof
 To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,
 The boon companion, who her strong breast-
 plate

Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,
 And bids him on and fear not. Without
 doubt

I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
 A headless trunk, that even as the rest
 Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair

¹ *Mosca.*] Buondelmonte was engaged to marry a lady of the Amidei family, but broke his promise, and united himself to one of the Donati. This was so much resented by the former, that a meeting of themselves and their kinsmen was held, to consider of the best means of revenging the insult. Mosca degli Uberti, or de' Lambertini, persuaded them to resolve on the assassination of Buondelmonte, exclaiming to them, " The thing once done, there is an end." The counsel and its effects were the source of many terrible calamities to the state of Florence. " This murder," says G. Villani, lib. 5. cap. xxxviii., " was the cause and the beginning of the accursed Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence." It happened in 1215.

It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,
" Woe's me ! " The spirit lighted thus him-
self ;

And two there were in one, and one in two.
How that may be, he knows who ordereth
so.

When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,
His arm aloft he rear'd, thrusting the head
Full in our view, that nearer we might hear
The words, which thus it utter'd : " Now
behold

This grievous torment, thou, who breathing
go'st

To spy the dead : behold, if any else
Be terrible as this. And, that on earth
Thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I
Am Bertrand,¹ he of Born, who gave king
John

The counsel mischievous. Father and son
I set at mutual war. For Absalom
And David more did not Ahitophel,
Spurring them on maliciously to strife.
For parting those so closely knit, my brain

¹ *Bertrand.*] Bertrand de Born, Vicomte de Hautefort, near Perigueux in Guienne, who incited John to rebel against his father, Henry II of England. Bertrand holds a distinguished place among the Provençal poets.

Parted, alas ! I carry from its source,
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
Of retribution fiercely works in me."

CANTO XXIX

Argument.

Dante, at the desire of Virgil, proceeds onward to the bridge that crosses the tenth gulf, from whence he hears the cries of the alchemists and forgers, who are tormented therein ; but not being able to discern any thing on account of the darkness, they descend the rock, that bounds this the last of the compartments in which the eighth circle is divided, and then behold the spirits who are afflicted by divers plagues and diseases. Two of them, namely, Grifolino of Arezzo and Capocchio of Sienna, are introduced speaking.

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
Disfigured, that they long'd to stay and weep.

But Virgil roused me : " What yet gazest
on ?

Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below
Among the maim'd and miserable shades ?
Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside
This weakness. Know, if thou wouldst
number them,
That two and twenty miles the valley winds

Its circuit, and already is the moon
Beneath our feet : the time permitted now
Is short ; and more, not seen, remains to see."

"If thou," I straight replied, "hadst
weigh'd the cause,
For which I look'd, thou hadst perchance
excused
The tarrying still." My leader part pursued
His way, the while I follow'd, answering him,
And adding thus : " Within that cave I deem,
Whereon so fixedly I held my ken,
There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,
Wailing the crime that costs him now so
dear."

Then spake my master : " Let thy soul
no more
Afflict itself for him. Direct elsewhere
Its thought, and leave him. At the bridge's
foot
I mark'd how he did point with menacing look
At thee, and heard him by the others named
Geri of Bello.¹ Thou so wholly then
Wert busied with his spirit, who once ruled

¹ *Geri of Bello.*] A kinsman of the Poet's, who was murdered by one of the Sacchetti family. His being placed here, may be considered as a proof that Dante was more impartial in the allotment of his punishments than has generally been supposed. He was the son of Bello, who was brother to Bellincione, our Poet's grandfather.

The towers of Hautefort, that thou lookedst
not

That way, ere he was gone.”—“O guide
beloved !

His violent death yet unavenged,” said I,
“By any, who are partners in his shame,
Made him contemptuous ; therefore, as I
think,

He pass’d me speechless by ; and, doing so,
Hath made me more compassionate his fate.”

So we discoursed to where the rock first
show’d

The other valley, had more light been there,
E’en to the lowest depth. Soon as we came
O’er the last cloister in the dismal rounds
Of Malebolge, and the brotherhood
Were to our view exposed, then many a dart
Of sore lament assail’d me, headed all
With points of thrilling pity, that I closed
Both ears against the volley with mine hands.

As were the torment, if each lazar-house
Of Valdichiana ¹ in the sultry time

¹ *Of Valdichiana.*] The valley through which passes the river Chiana, bounded by Arezzo, Cortona, Montepulciano, and Chiusi. In the heat of autumn it was formerly rendered unwholesome by the stagnation of the water, but has since been drained by the Emperor Leopold II. The Chiana is mentioned as a remarkably sluggish stream, in the *Paradiso*, Canto xiii. 21.

'Twixt July and September, with the isle
Sardinia and Maremma's pestilent fen,¹
Had heap'd their maladies all in one foss
Together ; such was here the torment : dire
The stench, as issuing steams from fester'd
limbs.

We on the utmost shore of the long rock
Descended still to leftward. Then my sight
Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein
The minister of the most mighty Lord,
All searching Justice, dooms to punishment
The forgers noted on her dread record.

More rueful was it not methinks to see
The nation in Ægina² droop, what time
Each living thing, e'en to the little worm,
All fell, so full of malice was the air
(And afterward, as bards of yore have told,
The ancient people were restored anew
From seed of emmets), than was here to see
The spirits, that languish'd through the murky
vale,
Up-piled on many a stack. Confused they
lay,
One o'er the belly, o'er the shoulders one

¹ *Maremma's pestilent fen.*] See Note to Canto xxv.
v. 18.

² *In Ægina.*] He alludes to the fable of the ants
changed into Myrmidons. Ovid, *Met.* lib. 7.

Roll'd of another ; sideling crawl'd a third
Along the dismal pathway. Step by step
We journey'd on, in silence looking round,
And listening those diseased, who strove in vain
To lift their forms. Then two I mark'd, that
sat

Propt 'gainst each other, as two brazen pans
Set to retain the heat. From head to foot,
A tetter bark'd them round. Nor saw I e'er
Groom currying so fast, for whom his lord
Impatient waited, or himself perchance
Tired with long watching, as of these each one
Plied quickly his keen nails, through furious-
ness

Of ne'er abated pruriency. The crust
Came drawn from underneath in flakes, like
scales

Scraped from the bream, or fish of broader
mail.

"O thou ! who with thy fingers rendest
off

Thy coat of proof," thus spake my guide to one,
"And sometimes makest tearing pincers of
them,

Tell me if any born of Latian land
Be among these within : so may thy nails
Serve thee for everlasting to this toil."

"Both are of Latium," weeping he replied,

“ Whom tortured thus thou seest : but who
art thou

That hast inquired of us ? ” To whom my
guide :

“ One that descend with this man, who yet
lives,

From rock to rock, and show him hell’s abyss.”

Then started they asunder, and each turn’d
Trembling toward us, with the rest, whose ear
Those words redounding struck. To me my
liege

Address’d him : “ Speak to them whate’er
thou list.”

And I therewith began : “ So may no time
Filch your remembrance from the thoughts of
men

In the upper world, but after many suns
Survive it, as ye tell me, who ye are,
And of what race ye come. Your punishment,
Unseemly and disgustful in its kind,
Deter you not from opening thus much to me.”

“ Arezzo was my dwelling,” ¹ answer’d one,
“ And me Albero of Sienna brought
To die by fire : but that, for which I died,

¹ *Arezzo was my dwelling.*] Grifolino of Arezzo, who
promised Albero, son of the Bishop of Sienna, that he would
teach him the art of flying ; and, because he did not keep
his promise, Albero prevailed on his father to have him
burnt for a necromancer.

Leads me not here. True is, in sport I told
him,

That I had learn'd to wing my flight in air ;
And he, admiring much, as he was void
Of wisdom, will'd me to declare to him
The secret of mine art : and only hence,
Because I made him not a Dædalus,
Prevail'd on one supposed his sire to burn me
But Minos to this chasm, last of the ten,
For that I practised alchemy on earth,
Has doom'd me. Him no subterfuge eludes.'

Then to the bard I spake : " Was ever race
Light as Sienna's ? ¹ Sure not France herself
Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

The other leprous spirit heard my words,
And thus return'd : " Be Stricca ² from this
charge

¹ ————— Was ever race

Light as Sienna's ?] The same imputation is again
cast on the Siennese, *Purg.* Canto xiii. 141.

² *Stricca.*] This is said ironically. Stricca, Niccolo
Salimbeni, Caccia of Asciano, and Abbagliato or Meo de'
Folcacchieri, belonged to a company of prodigal and lux-
urious young men in Sienna, called the "*brigata godereccia.*"
Niccolo was the inventor of a new manner of using cloves
in cookery, not very well understood by the commentators,
and which was termed the "*costuma ricca.*" Pagliarini,
in his *Historical Observations on the Quadrivregio*, lib. 3, cap.
xiii., adduces a passage from a MS. History of Sienna,
in which it is told that these spendthrifts, out of the sum
raised from the sale of their estates, built a palace, which
they inhabited in common, and made the receptacle of
their apparatus for luxurious enjoyment ; and that,

Exempted, he who knew so temperately
To lay out fortune's gifts ; and Niccolo,
Who first the spice's costly luxury
Discover'd in that garden,¹ where such seed
Roots deepest in the soil ; and be that troop
Exempted, with whom Caccia of Asciano
Lavish'd his vineyards and wide-spreading
woods,

And his rare wisdom Abbagliato show'd
A spectacle for all. That thou mayst know
Who seconds thee against the Siennese
Thus gladly, bend this way thy sharpen'd sight,
That well my face may answer to thy ken ;
So shalt thou see I am Capocchio's ghost,²
Who forged transmuted metals by the power
Of alchemy ; and if I scan thee right,
Thou needs must well remember how I aped
Creative nature by my subtle art."

amongst their other extravagancies, they had their horses shod with silver, and forbade their servants to pick up the precious shoes if they dropped off. The end was, as might be expected, extreme poverty and wretchedness.

¹ *In that garden.*] Sienna.

² *Capocchio's ghost.*] Capocchio of Sienna, who is said to have been a fellow-student of Dante's, in natural philosophy.

CANTO XXX

Argument,

In the same gulf, other kinds of impostors, as those who have counterfeited the persons of others, or debased the current coin, or deceived by speech under false pretences, are described as suffering various diseases. Sinon of Troy and Adamo of Brescia mutually reproach each other with their several impostures.

WHAT time resentment burn'd in Juno's breast
For Semele against the Theban blood,
As more than once in dire mischance was
rued ;

Such fatal frenzy seized on Athamas,¹
That he his spouse beholding with a babe
Laden on either arm, " Spread out," he cried,
" The meshes, that I take the lioness
And the young lions at the pass : " then forth
Stretch'd he his merciless talons, grasping one,
One helpless innocent, Learchus named,
Whom swinging down he dash'd upon a rock ;
And with her other burden, self-destroy'd,
The hapless mother plunged. And when the
pride

Of all presuming Troy fell from its height,
By fortune overwhelm'd, and the old king

¹ *Athamas.*] From Ovid, *Metam.* lib. 4 : Protinus Æolides, etc.

With his realm perish'd ; then did Hecuba,
A wretch forlorn and captive, when she saw
Polyxena first slaughter'd, and her son,
Her Polydorus, on the wild sea-beach
Next met the mourner's view, then left of
sense

Did she run barking even as a dog ;
Such mighty power had grief to wrench her
soul.

But ne'er the Furies, or of Thebes, or Troy,
With such fell cruelty were seen, their goads
Infixing in the limbs of man or beast,
As now two pale and naked ghosts I saw,
That gnarling wildly scamper'd, like the swine
Excluded from his sty. One reach'd Capoc-
chio,

And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,
Dragg'd him, that, o'er the solid pavement
rubb'd

His belly stretch'd out prone. The other
shape,

He of Arezzo, there left trembling, spake :
" That sprite of air is Schicchi ; ¹ in like mood

¹ *Schicchi*.] Gianni Schicchi, who was of the family of Cavalcanti, possessed such a faculty of moulding his features to the resemblance of others, that he was employed by Simon Donati to personate Buoso Donati, then recently deceased, and to make a will, leaving Simon his heir ; for which service he was remunerated with a mare of extraordinary value, here called " the lady of the herd."

Of random mischief vents he still his spite."

To whom I answering : " Oh ! as thou dost
hope

The other may not flesh its jaws on thee,
Be patient to inform us, who it is,
Ere it speed hence."—" That is the ancient soul
Of wretched Myrrha," he replied, " who burn'd
With most unholy flame for her own sire,
And a false shape assuming, so perform'd
The deed of sin ; e'en as the other there,
That onward passes, dared to counterfeit
Donati's features, to feign'd testament
The seal affixing, that himself might gain,
For his own share, the lady of the herd."

When vanish'd the two furious shades, on
whom

Mine eye was held, I turned it back to view
The other cursed spirits. One I saw
In fashion like a lute, had but the groin
Been sever'd where it meets the forked part.
Swoln dropsy, disproportioning the limbs
With ill converted moisture, that the paunch
Suits not the visage, open'd wide his lips,
Gasping as in the hectic man for drought,
One towards the chin, the other upward curl'd.

" O ye ! who in this world of misery,
Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,"
Thus he began, " attentively regard

Adamo's woe.¹ When living, full supply
Ne'er lack'd me of what most I coveted ;
One drop of water now, alas ! I crave.
The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casentino,² making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view ; and not in vain ;
For more the pictured semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease, which makes the
flesh
Desert these shrivel'd cheeks. So from the
place,
Where I transgress'd, stern justice urging me,
Takes means to quicken more my labouring
sighs.
There is Romena, where I falsified
The metal with the Baptist's form imprest.
For which on earth I left my body burnt.
But if I here might see the sorrowing soul
Of Guido, Alessandro, or their brother,
For Branda's limpid spring³ I would not
change

¹ *Adamo's woe.*] Adamo of Brescia, at the instigation of Guido, Alessandro, and their brother Aghinulfo, lords of Romena, counterfeited the coin of Florence ; for which crime he was burnt. Landino says, that in his time the peasants still pointed out a pile of stones near Romena, as the place of his execution.

² *Casentino.*] Romena is a part of Casentino.

³ *Branda's limpid spring.*] A fountain in Sienna.

The welcome sight. One is e'en now within,
If truly the mad spirits tell, that round
Are wandering. But wherein besteads me
that ?

My limbs are fetter'd. Were I but so light,
That I each hundred years might move one
inch,

I had set forth already on this path,
Seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,
Although eleven miles it wind, not less
Than half of one across. They brought me
down

Among this tribe ; induced by them, I stamp'd
The florens with three carats of alloy." ¹

" Who are that abject pair," I next inquired,
" That closely bounding thee upon thy right
Lie smoking, like a hand in winter steep'd
In the chill stream ? "—" When to this gulf
I dropp'd,"

He answer'd, " here I found them ; since that
hour

They have not turn'd, nor ever shall, I ween,
Till time hath run his course. One is that
dame,

¹ *The florens with three carats of alloy.*] The floren was a coin that ought to have had twenty-four carats of pure gold. Villani relates, that it was first used at Florence in 1252, an era of great prosperity in the annals of the Republic ; before which time their most valuable coinage was of silver. *Hist. lib. 6. cap. liv.*

The false accuser ¹ of the Hebrew youth ;
Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.
Sharp fever drains the reeky moistness out,
In such a cloud upsteam'd." When that he
heard,

One, gall'd perchance to be so darkly named,
With clench'd hand smote him on the braced
paunch,

That like a drum resounded : but forthwith
Adamo smote him on the face, the blow
Returning with his arm, that seem'd as hard.

" Though my o'erweighty limbs have ta'en
from me

The power to move," said he, " I have an arm
At liberty for such employ." To whom
Was answer'd : " When thou wentest to the
fire,

Thou hadst it not so ready at command,
Then readier when it coin'd the impostor gold."

And thus the dropsied : " Ay, now speak'st
thou true :

But there thou gavest not such true testimony,
When thou wast question'd of the truth, at
Troy."

" If I spake false, thou falsely stamp'dst
the coin,"

Said Sinon ; " I am here for but one fault,

¹ *The false accuser.*] Potiphar's w ife.

And thou for more than any imp beside."

"Remember," he relied, "O perjured one !
The horse remember, that did teem with death ;
And all the world is witness to thy guilt."

"To thine," return'd the Greek, "witness
the thirst

Whence thy tongue cracks, witness the fluid
mound

Rear'd by thy belly up before thine eyes,
A mass corrupt." To whom the coiner thus :
"Thy mouth gapes wide as ever to let pass
Its evil saying. Me if thirst assails,
Yet I am stuff with moisture. Thou art
parch'd ;

Pains rack thy head : no urging wouldst thou
need

To make thee lap Narcissus' mirror up."

I was all fix'd to listen, when my guide
Admonish'd : "Now beware. A little more
And I do quarrel with thee." I perceived
How angrily he spake, and towards him turn'd
With shame so poignant, as remember'd yet
Confounds me. As a man that dreams of
harm

Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,
And that which is, desires as if it were not ;
Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,
Wish'd to excuse myself, and all the while

Excused me, though unweeting that I did.

“ More grievous fault than thine has been,
less shame,”

My master cried, “ might expiate. Therefore
cast

All sorrow from thy soul ; and if again
Chance bring thee, where like conference is held
Think I am ever at thy side. To hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds.”

CANTO XXXI

Argument.

The poets, following the sound of a loud horn, are led by it to the ninth circle, in which there are four rounds, one enclosed within the other, and containing as many sorts of Traitors ; but the present Canto shows only that the circle is encompassed with Giants, one of whom, Antæus, takes them both in his arms and places them at the bottom of the circle.

THE very tongue, whose keen reproof before
Had wounded me, that either cheek was
stain'd,

Now minister'd my cure. So have I heard,
Achilles' and his father's javelin caused
Pain first, and then the boon of health restored.

Turning our back upon the vale of woe,
We cross'd the encircled mound in silence.
There

Was less than day and less than night, that far
Mine eye advanced not : but I heard a horn
Sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made
The thunder feeble. Following its course
The adverse way, my strained eyes were bent
On that one spot. So terrible a blast
Orlando blew not, when that dismal rout
O'erthrew the host of Charlemain, and quench'd
His saintly warfare. Thitherward not long
My head was raised, when many a lofty tower
Methought I spied. " Master," said I, " what
land

Is this ?" He answer'd straight : " Too long
a space

Of intervening darkness has thine eye
To traverse : thou hast therefore widely err'd
In thy imagining. Thither arrived
Thou well shalt see, how distance can delude
The sense. A little therefore urge thee on."

Then tenderly he caught me by the hand ;
" Yet know," said he, " ere farther we advance,
That it less strange may seem, these are not
towers,

But giants. In the pit they stand immersed,
Each from his navel downward, round the
bank."

As when a fog disperseth gradually,
Our vision traces what the mist involves

Condensed in air ; so piercing through the gross
And gloomy atmosphere, as more and more
We near'd toward the brink, mine error fled
And fear came o'er me. As with circling
round

Of turrets, Montereccion ¹ crowns his walls ;
E'en thus the shore, encompassing the abyss,
Was turreted with giants, half their length
Uprearing, horrible, whom Jove from heaven
Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder
rolls.

Of one already I descried the face,
Shoulders, and breast, and of the belly huge
Great part, and both arms down along his ribs.

All-teeming Nature, when her plastic hand
Left framing of these monsters, did display
Past doubt her wisdom, taking from mad War
Such slaves to do his bidding ; and if she
Repent her not of the elephant and whale,
Who ponders well confesses her therein
Wiser and more discreet ; for when brute force
And evil will are back'd with subtlety,
Resistance none avails. His visage seem'd
In length and bulk, as doth the pine ² that
tops

¹ *Montereccion.*] A castle near Sienna.

² *The pine.*] "The large pine of bronze, which once
ornamented the top of the mole of Adrian, was afterwards

Saint Peter's Roman fane ; and the other bones
Of like proportion, so that from above
The bank, which girdled him below, such
height

Arose his stature, that three Friezelanders
Had striven in vain to reach but to his hair.
Full thirty ample palms was he exposed
Downward from whence a man his garment
loops.

" Raphael ¹ baï ameth, sabì almì : "

So shouted his fierce lips, which sweeter hymns
Became not ; and my guide address'd him thus :

" O senseless spirit ! let thy horn for thee
Interpret : therewith vent thy rage, if rage
Or other passion wring thee. Search thy neck,
There shalt thou find the belt that binds it on.
Spirit confused ! lo, on thy mighty breast
Where hangs the baldrick ! " Then to me he
spake :

" He doth accuse himself. Nimrod is this,
Through whose ill counsel in the world no more

employed to decorate the top of the belfry of St. Peter ; and having (according to Buti) been thrown down by the lightning, it was, after lying some time on the steps of this palace, transferred to the place where it now is, in the Pope's garden, by the side of the great corridor of Belvedere. In the time of our Poet, the pine was then either on the belfry or on the steps of St. Peter." Lombardi.

¹ *Raphael, etc.*] These unmeaning sounds, it is supposed, are meant to express the confusion of languages at the building of the tower of Babel.

One tongue prevails. But pass we on, nor
waste

Our words ; for so each language is to him,
As his to others, understood by none."

Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,
And at a sling's throw found another shade
Far fiercer and more huge. I cannot say
What master hand had girt him ; but he held
Behind the right arm fetter'd, and before,
The other, with a chain, that fasten'd him
From the neck down ; and five times round his
form

Apparent met the wreathed links. "This
proud one

Would of his strength against almighty Jove
Make trial," said my guide : "whence he is
thus

Requited : Ephialtes him they call.

Great was his prowess, when the giants brought
Fear on the gods : those arms, which then he
plied,

Now moves he never." Forthwith I return'd :
"Fain would I, if 't were possible, mine eyes,
Of Briareus immeasurable, gain'd
Experience next." He answer'd : "Thou
shalt see

Not far from hence Antæus, who both speaks
And is unfetter'd, who shall place us there

Where guilt is at its depth. Far onward stands
Whom thou wouldst fain behold, in chains, and
made

Like to this spirit, save that in his looks
More fell he seems." By violent earthquake
rock'd

Ne'er shook a tower, so reeling to its base,
As Ephialtes. More than ever then
I dreaded death ; nor than the terror more
Had needed, if I had not seen the cords
That held him fast. We, straightway journey-
ing on,

Came to Antæus, who, five ells complete
Without the head, forth issued from the cave.
" O thou, who in the fortunate vale,¹ that made
Great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword
Drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,
Who thence of old didst carry for thy spoil
An hundred lions ; and if thou hadst fought
In the high conflict on thy brethren's side,
Seems as men yet believed, that through thine
arm

The sons of earth had conquer'd ; now vouch-
safe

To place us down beneath, where numbing cold
Locks up Cocytus. Force not that we crave

¹ *The fortunate vale.*] The country near Carthage.

Or Tityus' help or Typhon's. Here is one
Can give what in this realm ye covet. Stoop
Therefore, nor scornfully distort thy lip.
He in the upper world can yet bestow
Renown on thee ; for he doth live, and looks
For life yet longer, if before the time
Grace call him not unto herself." Thus spake
The teacher. He in haste forth stretch'd his
hands,

And caught my guide. Alcides ¹ whilom felt
That grapple, straiten'd sore. Soon as my guide
Had felt it, he bespake me thus : " This way,
That I may clasp thee ; " then so caught me up,
That we were both one burden. As appears
The tower of Carisenda ² from beneath
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
So sail across, that opposite it hangs ;
Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease
I mark'd him stooping. I were fain at times
To have past another way. Yet in the abyss,
That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,
Lightly he placed us ; nor, there leaning, stay'd ;
But rose, as in a bark the stately mast.

¹ *Alcides.*] The combat between Hercules and Antæus is adduced by the poet in his treatise *De Monarchiâ*, lib. 2., as a proof of the judgment of God displayed in the *duel*, according to the singular superstition of those times.

² *The tower of Carisenda.*] The leaning tower at Bologna.

CANTO XXXII

Argument,

This Canto treats of the first, and, in part, of the second of those rounds, into which the ninth and last, or frozen circle, is divided. In the former, called *Caïna*, Dante finds *Camiccione de' Pazzi*, who gives him an account of other sinners who are there punished; and in the next, named *Antenora*, he hears in like manner from *Bocca degli Abbati* who his fellow-sufferers are.

COULD I command rough rhymes and hoarse,
to suit

That hole of sorrow o'er which every rock
His firm abutment rears, then might the vein
Of fancy rise full springing : but not mine
Such measures, and with faltering awe I touch
The mighty theme ; for to describe the depth
Of all the universe, is no emprise
To jest with, and demands a tongue not used
To infant babbling. But let them assist
My song, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid
Amphion wall'd in Thebes ; so with the truth
My speech shall best accord. Oh, ill-starr'd
folk,

Beyond all others wretched ! who abide
In such a mansion, as scarce thought finds words
To speak of, better had ye here on earth
Been flocks, or mountain goats. As down we
stood

In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,
But lower far than they, and I did gaze
Still on the lofty battlement, a voice
Bespoke me thus: "Look how thou walkest.

Take

Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads
Of thy poor brethren." Thereupon I turn'd
And saw before and underneath my feet
A lake,¹ whose frozen surface liker seem'd
To glass than water. Not so thick a veil
In winter e'er hath Austrian Danube spread
O'er his still course, nor Tanais far remote
Under the chilling sky. Roll'd o'er that mass
Had Tabernich or Pietrapana² fallen,
Not e'en its rim had creak'd As peeps the
frog

Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams
The village gleaner oft pursues her toil,
So, to where modest shame appears,³ thus low

¹ *A lake.*] The same torment is introduced into the *Edda*, compiled in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Indeed, as an escape from "the penalty of Adam, the season's difference," forms one of the most natural topics of consolation for the loss of life, so does a renewal of that suffering in its fiercest extremes of heat and cold bring before the imagination of men in general (except indeed the terrors of a self-accusing conscience) the liveliest idea of future punishment.

² *Tabernich or Pietrapana.*] The one a mountain in Sclavonia, the other in that tract of country called the Garfagnana, not far from Lucca.

³ *To where modest shame appears.*] "As high as to the face."

Blue pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits
stood,

Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.
His face each downward held ; their mouth the
cold,

Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.

A space I look'd around, then at my feet
Saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head
The very hairs were mingled. " Tell me ye,
Whose bosoms thus together press," said I,
" Who are ye ? " At that sound their necks
they bent ;

And when their looks were lifted up to me,
Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,
Distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound
The tears betwixt these orbs, and held them
there.

Plank unto plank hath never cramp closed up
So stoutly. Whence, like two enraged goats,
They clash'd together : them such fury seized
And one, from whom the cold both ears had
reft,

Exclaim'd, still looking downward : " Why on
us

Dost speculate so long ? If thou wouldst know
Who are these two,¹ the valley, whence his
wave

¹ *Who are these two.*] Alessandro and Napoleone, sons

Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own
 Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.
 They from one body issued ; and throughout
 Caïna thou mayst search, nor find a shade
 More worthy in congealment to be fix'd ;
 Not him,¹ whose breast and shadow Arthur's
 hand

At that one blow dissever'd ; not Focaccia ;²
 No, not this spirit, whose o'erjutting head
 Obstructs my onward view : he bore the name
 Of Mascheroni :³ Tuscan if thou be,
 Well knowest who he was. And to cut short
 All further question, in my form behold
 What once was Camiccione.⁴ I await
 Carlino⁵ here my kinsman, whose deep guilt

of Alberto Alberti, who murdered each other. They were proprietors of the valley of Falterona, where the Bisenzio has its source, a river that falls into the Arno about six miles from Florence.

¹ *Not him.*] Mordrec, son of King Arthur. In the romance of Lancelot of the Lake, Arthur, having discovered the traitorous intentions of his son, pierces him through with the stroke of his lance, so that the sunbeam passes through the body of Mordrec ; and this disruption of the shadow is no doubt what our Poet alludes to in the text.

² *Focaccia.*] Focaccia of Cancellieri (the Pistoian family), whose atrocious act of revenge against his uncle is said to have given rise to the parties of the Bianchi and Neri, in the year 1300.

³ *Mascheroni.*] Sassol Mascheroni, a Florentine, who also murdered his uncle.

⁴ *Camiccione.*] Camiccione de' Pazzi of Valdarno, by whom his kinsman Ubertino was treacherously put to death.

⁵ *Carlino.*] One of the same family. He betrayed the

And to that shade I spake, who bitterly
Still cursed me in his wrath. "What art thou,
speak,

That railest thus on others?" He replied:
"Now who art thou, that smiting others'
cheeks,

Through Antenora¹ roamest, with such force
As were past sufferance, wert thou living still?"

"And I am living, to thy joy perchance,"
Was my reply, "if fame be dear to thee,
That with the rest I may thy name enrol."

"The contrary of what I covet most,"
Said he, "thou tender'st: hence! nor vex me
more.

Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale."

Then seizing on his hinder scalp I cried:
"Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."

"Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for
that

I will not tell, nor show thee, who I am,
Though at my head thou pluck a thousand
times."

Now I had grasp'd his tresses, and stript off
More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes
Drawn in and downward, when another cried,

¹ *Antenora.*] So called from Antenor, who betrayed
Troy his country.

“What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud
enough

Thy chattering teeth, but thou must bark
outright?

What devil wrings thee?”—“Now,” said I,
“be dumb,

Accursed traitor! To thy shame, of thee
True tidings will I bear.”—“Off!” he replied;

“Tell what thou list: but, as thou scape from
hence,

To speak of him whose tongue hath been so
glib,

Forget not: here he wails the Frenchman’s
gold.

‘Him of Duera,’¹ thou canst say, ‘I marked,
‘Where the starved sinners pine.’ If thou be
ask’d

What other shade was with them, at thy side
Is Beccaria,² whose red gorge distain’d

The biting axe of Florence. Farther on,
If I misdeem not, Soldanieri³ bides,

¹ *Him of Duera.*] Buoso of Cremona, of the family of Duera, who was bribed by Guy de Montfort to leave a pass between Piedmont and Parma, with the defence of which he had been intrusted by the Ghibellines, open to the army of Charles of Anjou, A.D. 1265, at which the people of Cremona were so enraged, that they extirpated the whole family.

² *Beccaria.*] Abbot of Vallombrosa, who was the Pope’s legate at Florence, where his intrigues in favour of the Ghibellines being discovered, he was beheaded.

³ *Soldanieri.*] “Gianni Soldanieri,” says Villani, *Hist.*

With Ganellon,¹ and Tribaldello,² him
Who oped Faenza when the people slept."

We now had left him, passing on our way,
When I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other ; and as bread
Is raven'd up through hunger, the uppermost
Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus³ gnaw'd,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

" O thou ! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear,"
said I,

" The cause, on such condition, that if right
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
And what the colour of his sinning was,
I may repay thee in the world above,
If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

lib. 7. cap. xiv., " put himself at the head of the people, in the hopes of rising into power, not aware that the result would be mischief to the Ghibelline party, and his own ruin ; an event which seems ever to have befallen him who has headed the populace in Florence."—A.D. 1266.

¹ *Ganellon.*] The betrayer of Charlemain.

² *Tribaldello.*] Tribaldello de' Manfredi, who was bribed to betray the city of Faenza, A.D. 1282.

³ *Tydeus.*] See Statius, *Theb.* lib. 8. ad finem.

CANTO XXXIII

Argument.

The Poet is told by Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi of the cruel manner in which he and his children were famished in the tower at Pisa, by command of the Archbishop Ruggieri. He next discourses of the third round, called Ptolomea, wherein those are punished who have betrayed others under the semblance of kindness ; and among these he finds the Friar Alberigo de' Manfredi, who tells him of one whose soul was already tormented in that place, though his body appeared still to be alive upon the earth, being yielded up to the governance of a fiend.

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the
 head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began :
" Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure ; which, but to think of,
 wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on 't. But if words,
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst
 be
I know not, nor how here below art come :
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know I was on earth

Count Ugolino,¹ and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en

¹ *Count Ugolino.*] "In the year 1288, in the month of July, Pisa was much divided by competitors for the sovereignty; one party, composed of certain of the Guelfi, being headed by the Judge Nino di Gallura de' Visconti; another, consisting of others of the same faction, by the Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi; and a third by the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, with the Lanfranchi, Sismondi, Gualandi, and other Ghibelline houses. The Count Ugolino, to effect his purpose, united with the Archbishop and his party, and having betrayed Nino, his sister's son, they contrived that he and his followers should either be driven out of Pisa, or their persons seized. Nino hearing this, and not seeing any means of defending himself, retired to Calci, his castle, and formed an alliance with the Florentines and people of Lucca against the Pisans. The Count, before Nino was gone, in order to cover his treachery, when everything was settled for his expulsion, quitted Pisa, and repaired to a manor of his called Settimo; whence, as soon as he was informed of Nino's departure, he returned to Pisa with great rejoicing and festivity, and was elevated to the supreme power with every demonstration of triumph and honour. But his greatness was not of long continuance. It pleased the Almighty that a total reverse of fortune should ensue, as a punishment for his acts of treachery and guilt; for he was said to have poisoned the Count Anselmo da Capracia, his sister's son, on account of the envy and fear excited in his mind by the high esteem in which the gracious manners of Anselmo were held by the Pisans.—The power of the Guelfi being so much diminished, the Archbishop devised means to betray the Count Ugolino, and caused him to be suddenly attacked in his palace by the fury of the people, whom he exasperated by telling them that Ugolino had betrayed Pisa, and given up their castles to the citizens of Florence and of Lucca. He was immediately compelled to surrender; his bastard son and his grandson fell in the assault; and two of his sons, with their two sons also, were conveyed to prison." G. Villani, lib. 7. cap. cxx. "In the follow-

And after murder'd, need is not I tell.

What therefore thou canst not have heard, that
is,

How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he had wrong'd me. A small
grate

Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.

This one, methought, as master of the sport
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his
whelps,

Unto the mountain ¹ which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.

ing March, the Pisans, who had imprisoned the Count Ugolino, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, the offspring of his son the Count Guelfo, in a tower on the Piazza of the Anziani, caused the tower to be locked, the key thrown into the Arno, and all food to be withheld from them. In a few days they died of hunger; but the Count first with loud cries declared his penitence, and yet neither priest nor friar was allowed to shrive him. All the five, when dead, were dragged out of the prison, and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the tower was called the tower of famine, and so shall ever be." *Ibid.* cap. cxxvii.

¹ *Unto the mountain.*] The mountain S. Giuliano between Pisa and Lucca.

After short course the father and the sons
Seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I
 awoke,

Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold ;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow ?
Now had they waken'd ; and the hour drew
 near

When they were wont to bring us food ; the
 mind

Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
The horrible tower : whence, uttering not a
 word

I look'd upon the visage of my sons.

I wept not : so all stone I felt within.

They wept : and one, my little Anselm, cried,
' Thou lookest so ! Father, what ails thee ? '

Yet

I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I described
The image of my own, on either hand

Through agony I bit ; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose

O' the sudden, and cried, ' Father, we should
grieve

' Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us : thou
gavest

' These weeds of miserable flesh we wear ;

' And do thou strip them off from us again.'

Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down

My spirit in stillness. That day and the next

We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth !

Why open'dst not upon us ? When we came

To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet

Ourstretch'd did fling him, crying, ' Hast no
help

' For me, my father !' There he died ; and
e'en

Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three

Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth :

Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to
grope

Over them all, and for three days aloud

Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting
got

The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,

Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth

He fasten'd like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,

Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa ! shame

Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard ; since that thy neighbours are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona, ¹ and dam up
The mouth of Arno ; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betray'd
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did
make

Uncapable of guilt. Onward we pass'd,
Where others, skarf'd in rugged folds of ice,
Not on their feet were turn'd, but each reversed.

There, very weeping suffers not to weep ;
For, at their eyes, grief, seeing passage, finds
Impediment, and rolling inward turns
For increase of sharp anguish : the first tears
Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,
Under the socket brimming all the cup.

Now though the cold had from my face dis-
lodged
Each feeling as 't were callous, yet me seem'd

¹ *Capraia and Gorgona.*] Small islands near the mouth
of the Arno.

Some breath of wind I felt. " Whence cometh
this,"

Said I, " my Master ? Is not here below
All vapour quench'd ? " " Thou shalt be
speedily,"

He answer'd, " where thine eyes shall tell thee
whence,

The cause descriing of this airy shower."

Then cried out one, in the chill crust who
mourn'd :

" O souls ! so cruel, that the farthest post
Hath been assign'd you, from this face remove
The harden'd veil ; that I may vent the grief
Impregnate at my heart, some little space,
Ere it congeal again." I thus replied :

" Say who thou wast, if thou wouldst have
mine aid ;
And if I extricate thee not, far down
As to the lowest ice may I descend."

" The friar Alberigo," ¹ answer'd he,
" Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd

¹ *The friar Alberigo.*] Alberigo de' Manfredi of Faenza, one of the Frati Godenti, Joyous Friars, who, having quarrelled with some of his brotherhood, under pretence of wishing to be reconciled, invited them to a banquet, at the conclusion of which he called for the fruit, a signal for the assassins to rush in and dispatch those whom he had marked for destruction. Hence, adds Landino, it is said proverbially of one who has been stabbed, that he has had some of the friar Alberigo's fruit.

Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date
More luscious for my fig."—"Hah!" I ex-
claim'd,

"Art thou too dead?"—"How in the world
aloft

It fareth with my body," answer'd he,
"I am right ignorant. Such privilege
Hath Ptolomea,¹ that oft-times the soul
Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorced.
And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly
The glazed tear-drops that o'erlay mine eyes,
Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,
As I did, yields her body to a fiend
Who after moves and governs it at will,
Till all its time be rounded: headlong she
Falls to this cistern. And perchance above
Doth yet appear the body of a ghost,
Who here behind me winters. Him thou
know'st,

If thou but newly art arrived below.
The years are many that have past away,
Since to this fastness Branca Doria² came."

¹ *Ptolomea*.] This circle is named Ptolomea from Ptolemy the son of Abubus, by whom Simon and his sons were murdered, at a great banquet he had made for them. See 1 Maccabees, ch. xvi. Or from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, the betrayer of Pompey the Great.

² *Branca Doria*.] The family of Doria was possessed of great influence in Genoa. Branca is said to have murdered his father-in-law, Michel Zanche, introduced in Canto xxii.

"Now," answer'd I, "methinks thou mock-
est me ;

For Branca Doria never yet hath died,
But doth all natural functions of a man,
Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment
on."

He thus : " Not yet unto that upper foss
By th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch
Tenacious boils, had Michel Zanche reach'd,
When this one left a demon in his stead
In his own body, and of one his kin,
Who with him treachery wrought. But now
put forth

Thy hand, and ope mine eyes." I oped them
not.

Ill manners were best courtesy to him.

Ah Genoese ! men perverse in every way,
With every foulness stain'd, why from the
earth

Are ye not cancel'd ? Such an one of yours
I with Romagna's darkest spirit ¹ found
As, for his doings, even now in soul
Is in Cocytus plunged, and yet doth seem
In body still alive upon the earth.

¹ *Romagna's darkest spirit.*] The friar Alberigo.

CANTO XXXIV

Argument.

In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

“THE banners of Hell’s Monarch do come
forth

Toward us ; therefore look,” so spake my
guide,

“If thou discern him.” As, when breathes a
cloud

Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night
Fall on our hemisphere, seems view’d from far
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round ;
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I
drew

Behind my guide : no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
Whelm’d underneath, transparent, as through
glass

Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were
laid ;

Others stood upright, this upon the soles,
That on his head, a third with face to feet
Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we
came,

Whereat my guide was pleased that I should
see

The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepp'd and made me pause.

“Lo !” he exclaim'd, “lo Dis ; and lo the
place,

Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with
strength.”

How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader ! for I write it not ;
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth ; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be, which
suits

With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight !
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy

Upon his head three faces : one in front
Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest ;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd ; the
left

To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had
they,

But were in texture like a bat, and these
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept : the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruised as with ponderous engine ; so that
three

Were in this guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost
pang'd

By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
Was stript of all its skin. " That upper
spirit,

Who hath worst punishment," so spake my
guide,

" Is Judas, he that hath his head within

And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
Who hangs, is Brutus :¹ lo ! how he doth
writhe

And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that
appears

So large of limb. But night now re-ascends
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

I clipp'd him round the neck ; for so he bade :
And noting time and place, he, when the wings
Enough were oped, caught fast the shaggy
sides,

And down from pile to pile descending stepp'd
Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

Soon as he reach'd the point, whereat the
thigh

Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,
My leader there, with pain and struggling hard,
Turn'd round his head where his feet stood
before,

And grappled at the fell as one who mounts ;
That into hell methought we turn'd again.

¹ *Brutus.*] Landino struggles, but I fear in vain, to extricate Brutus from the unworthy lot which is here assigned him. He maintains, that by Brutus and Cassius are not meant the individuals known by those names, but any who put a lawful monarch to death. Yet if Cæsar was such, the conspirators might be regarded as deserving of their doom.

“ Expect that by such stairs as these,” thus
spake

The teacher, panting like a man forespent,

“ We must depart from evil so extreme : ”

Then at a rocky opening issued forth,

And placed me on the brink to sit, next join'd

With wary step my side. I raised my eyes,

Believing that I Lucifer should see

Where he was lately left, but saw him now

With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,

Who see not what the point was I had past,

Bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.

“ Arise,” my master cried, “ upon thy feet.

The way is long, and much uncouth the road ;

And now within one hour and half of noon ¹

The sun returns.” It was no palace-hall

Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,

But natural dungeon where ill-footing was

And scant supply of light. “ Ere from the

abyss

I separate,” thus when risen I began :

“ My guide ! vouchsafe few words to set me

free

From error's thralldom. Where is now the

ice ?

¹ *Within one hour and half of noon.*] The Poet uses the Hebrew manner of computing the day, according to which the third hour answers to our twelve o'clock at noon.

By what of firm land on this side appears,¹
That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,
From Belzebub as distant, as extends
The vaulted tomb ; ² discovered not by sight,
But by the sound of brooklet, that descends
This way along the hollow of a rock,
Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,
The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter, to return
To the fair world : and heedless of repose
We climb'd, he first, I following his steps,
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave :
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars

¹ *By what of firm land on this side appears.*] The mountain of Purgatory.

² *The vaulted tomb.*] "La tomba." This word is used to express the whole depth of the infernal region.

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